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WITHDRAWN

EDITORIAL

THE I.R.S. vs. FREE SPEECH

In June 11, representatives from more than fty civil liberties, consumer, labor, student, olitical, religious and academic groups met in lew York City under the auspices of the Fund or Open Information and Accountability Inc. o discuss past and future threats to the Freedom f Information Act and what can be done about em. Ironically, but perhaps not coincidentally, very next day F.O.I.A. Inc. received notice m the Internal Revenue Service that its tax-empt status is being challenged.

A three-page handwritten explanation accom-anying the I.R.S. form asserts that F.O.I.A. nc. is guilty of "criticizing the methods used by he F.B.I. and the U.S. Attorney in the prosecu-ion of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Morton obell" and that its written material "states that he government by the use of delaying tactics in-ends to exhaust patience and financial resources f people who are seeking to assert their rights to ompel disclosure and make the government ac-ountable." F.O.I.A. Inc. also displeased its big rothers in I.R.S. by distributing a cartoon that 'depicted the F.B.I. and C.I.A. as secret rganizations that are endeavoring to curtail ersonal liberties."

F.O.I.A. Inc. is devoted to defending the Freedom of Information Act, and not just the Rosenbergs. Its use of the former seems to have unearthed some unpleasant truths about the Government. According to the I.R.S. notice, however, F.O.I.A. Inc.'s publications contain only "unsupported opinions" and do not give "a complete discussion of the issues, as you do not give any opinions of the United States government agencies." This peculiar fairness doctrine calls to mind the Nixonian vendettas and so gives us a strong feeling of *déjà vu*. Today, F.O.I.A. Inc.; tomorrow, tax audits of Teddy's followers and other Carter critics?

PATRIOTISM
Bertram Gross

BRITISH LAW 'N' ORDER
Jiri Wyatt

A NERVE GAS WE CAN LOVE
Jamie Kitman

THIRD WORLD DEBT
Michael Moffitt

MALCOLM COWLEY'S '30s
Christopher Lasch

MORDECAI RICHLER
Nora Magid

'THE LEAN YEARS'
Richard Parker

RECESSION? DEPRESSION.

THE CRASH OF 1980

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

The recession we are now in appears so grave that comparisons with the Great Crash of 1929 and the prolonged and deep depression of the 1930s inevitably arise. Although pundits to this day argue over the specific triggers of the October debacle half a century ago and the reasons why recovery was delayed until World War II solved mass unemployment in the usual way by putting millions of men and women into defense factories and the armed services, agreement is general that if the unsound structure of international trade and finance did not cause the calamity, it surely exacerbated it.

Before World War I, this country was a net debtor to the Europeans. The war transformed the relationship. The United States emerged as the globe's major creditor and its dominant industrial producer. England, France and Italy, which had officially won the war, were nearly as much damaged by its consequences as officially vanquished Germany. All four countries suffered appalling casualties. Another of the Great War's legacies was a massive debt burden. The Germans owed reparations to the French, English, Belgians and Italians. For their part, the victors owed the billions loaned by the United States to finance purchases of food and munitions.

It is barely possible that Germany, if permitted to do so, could have exported enough merchandise and services to the United States, England and the rest of the world to accumulate the balance-of-payments surpluses needed to fulfill its heavy obligations. If it had done so, the European winners could and, no doubt, would have smoothly remitted their own debt installments to the United States and all parties

(Continued on Page 1

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LETTERS.

SHOULDN'T SMEAR CAMUS

New York City

Marcus G. Raskin obviously respected Jean-Paul Sartre ["Sartre: A Life in History," *The Nation,* June 7]. But it's sad that in order to praise Sartre he feels compelled to smear the memory of Albert Camus.

It is simply a lie to say that Camus was "captured"—"by Henry Luce in his cold war with the Communists." Camus was not captured by anybody. It was, in fact, Sartre who was captured—by the Stalinists. Very early, Camus saw more clearly than Sartre that Joseph Stalin was a monster. Camus showed that revolutionary idealism often degenerates into police terror, and urged a spirit of resistance. Sartre accepted Stalin's terror, and apologized for it; he believed so firmly in history that, for too long a time, he was willing to accept state murder as a legitimate instrument of history.

Camus found murder unacceptable as a means of creating utopia. In 1952, the year of the Camus-Sartre break over *The Rebel,* Sartre made a full public commitment in *Les Temps Modernes* to the Communists, in spite of widespread evidence of Stalin's terror. This is not to say that Sartre's motives were not honorable at the time; it is only to point out that Sartre embraced a lie, and Camus refused. Later, when Camus was ambiguous about Algeria, his confusion was personal and painful, and therefore human. Later, when Stalin finally joined all the corpses he had made for thirty years, Sartre felt safe enough to attack him and then to criticize the Soviet Union over Hungary. But Sartre remained committed to the Communists, while Camus remained committed to freedom. If Luce and other conservatives used Camus to attack the Communists, Camus could not really be blamed. He was telling difficult truths and not hobbling his thought because of what others might think. Camus was not a saint. He was most certainly not a captive. *Pete Hamill*

RASKIN RESPONDS

Washington

In my article I attempted to make clear that on the issue of concentration camps Sartre was absolutely wrong and Camus was absolutely right. "Camus's nose for the stench of Soviet concentration camps was more sensitive than Sartre's. . . ." My point about Luce was one reason that I favored Sartre, because Luce favored Camus. This was *my* weakness. Not the weakness of Camus. Neither Stalin nor the Stalinists thought that they had captured Sartre. Any objective reading of the time will show how Sartre did not fit the Stalinist mold. He always sought a third way. But he knew the terrifying moral costs and dilemmas in which people found themselves. As one of his characters said, "We all have dirty hands . . . up to our elbows." And this fact caused Camus no end of pain over Algeria.

Marcus G. Raskin

SAGAR EXPLAINS

Blackburn, England

At the end of his review of my *Life of D.H. Lawrence* [*The Nation*, May 3], Samuel Hynes asks: "Just what contribution is it intended to make?" Since it is obviously neither a definitive academic biography nor a critical biography, he concludes that (since it has a lot of illustrations) it must be the only other kind of biography—a pictorial biography, where the text exists only to fill up the spaces between the pictures. I was aware of the increasing popularity of these three kinds of biography in recent years, but not that they had completely superseded the straight biography—the telling of the story of a person's life.

The contribution my biography is intended to make is to tell the story of Lawrence's life with more immediacy and authenticity than ever before, to produce a script that would have the same time-machine magic as photographs. Frank Kermode once wrote that he was waiting for the biography where the biographer would disappear completely. I have already given my critical estimate of Lawrence in *The Art of D.H. Lawrence: A Calendar of his Works.* The rich area between biography and criticism will be the theme of my next book on Lawrence, *Life into Art.* Here I felt that if I could resist the temptation to do any of these things and produce a text uncluttered by comment or superfluous information, the shape of Lawrence's life, its psychic rhythms, would emerge clearly, and the life would yield up its own meanings, like a work of art.

Hynes doesn't say, doesn't care, to what extent I have succeeded, since he decided long ago what those meanings are, and that they diminish Lawrence, not only in relation to Lawrence the artist but also in relation to his own moral and intellectual superiority. But small men, Mr. Hynes, don't produce great art. *Keith Sagar*

HYNES REPLIES

Princeton, N.J.

I'm glad to know what Keith Sagar's intentions were, but I'm afraid that our differences remain. I don't think "straight biography" is as simple as he does, and I don't think that a narrative of events alone will produce a shape or "psychic rhythms" (whatever they are). If life yielded up its meaning so readily, we wouldn't need art—or biography.

Samuel Hynes

MORE "BEST MAN" OPINIONS

Jamaica, N.Y.

It would seem that the two leading "independent" candidates do not offer voters a real choice. John Anderson, like Jimmy Carter and many others, is a member of David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission, which is trying to maintain the present international economic order. Barry Commoner, the environmentalist, will be joining the faculty of Queens College.

The central issues of our time are white racism and the concomitant exploitation of so-called Third World people and their economic resources. Why would Barry Commoner, who is supposed to be a progressive idealist, associate himself with Queens College, which is the most racist and reactionary college in the City University of New York? *O. Gittens*

New York City

Our aging economic system can now be maintained only by violence, either external (war) or internal (fascism). This is the lesson of Europe. So we should vote for whoever offers the most imaginative changes to avoid the pains of our sad system that can no longer maintain full employment without extensive violence.

The choice falls on Barry Commoner and the Citizens Party. Then we might hope and deserve to be still voting in 1984 and 1988. *David Mandel*

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EDITORIALS.

Church Political

Religion and politics have been much in the news since the papal directive forbidding Representative Robert Drinan to seek re-election to the U.S. Congress. But though the order was clear enough, the implication for the Catholic Church's involvement in social causes was not: no one is quite certain how John Paul II intends to reconcile a ban on priests running for political office while simultaneously advocating religious activism on behalf of human rights.

The Pope's twelve-day visit to Brazil may help clarify the issue, not so much by what is said as by what is omitted. As on his other sojourns abroad, John Paul will play the crowds, a gifted showman with extraordinary charisma. But unlike those in Africa or the United States, his hosts in Brazil lead the radical vanguard of the Roman Catholic Church, a hierarchy singularly united in its opposition to Brazil's sixteen-year-old military regime and equally determined to democratize the Church. These bishops are in the forefront of the struggle for Catholicism's renewal, having already put into practice reforms that are at the discussion stage in the United States, including a popular liturgy and married priests. They also head the world's largest Catholic Church, and are seen by the traditionally conservative Roman curia as a challenge to hierarchical authority. (When Roman wags say the Vatican will move to Brazil by the end of the century, they are only half joking.)

The Brazilian bishops want John Paul to clarify his position on politics in the belief that without such plain speaking the Church will continue to be persecuted for its work on behalf of human rights. Brazil's military regime and the conservative wing of the Church want John Paul to take a stand against religious activism. The Pope's track record suggests he will do neither and that the Brazilian crowds will be treated to confusing platitudes.

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It is often said in religious circles that silence—about torture, murder and other human-rights violations—is a sin of omission. Yet John Paul's silence on the subject in Brazil may have the reverse effect of strengthening the Brazilian bishops in their struggle against military repression. So long as he does not forbid such religious activism—no Brazilian cleric holds a political office comparable to Congressman Drinan's—Brazil's bishops will be free to carry on their crusade on behalf of the poor and oppressed.

It is to be hoped that the Brazilians are successful in their plan to expose John Paul to the poverty of those suffering millions in order to convince him of the need to take a stronger stand on their behalf. Although this represents a long-shot expectation for a Polish Pope imbued with conservative doctrinairism, stranger things have happened in Latin America. Only two years ago, for example, after his exposure to rural poverty, John Paul surprised the Mexicans by urging the Indian peasants to "get organized" in their opposition to the large landowners. In Brazil, where they say that "God is a Brazilian," more surprises may be in store.

The Klandidate

The nomination of Tom Metzger, Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in California, as Democratic candidate for the U.S. Congress from the 43rd District is an ominous lesson in how a weak party system permits disreputable people and issues to gain access to the public agenda. The 43rd is the nation's largest district, cutting across coastal and suburban parts of San Diego County, including a piece of San Diego City, all of agricultural, semi-desert Imperial County and a small part of Riverside County, near March Air Force Base. Metzger's victory margin was a narrow one—312 votes out of approximately 90,000 cast—but the Klan leader is a possible member of Congress in January.

Metzger's win appalled Democratic and Republican Party officials alike. It has given rise to two interpretations, each with some merit. To some it is a fluke, a unique election offering no wider insights into voter concerns. To others, including San Diego and Los Angeles newspapers and *The New York Times*, it indicates a protest vote against continuing immigration into the United States.

Metzger's election certainly was a typical instance of how anybody with some money to spend can get into the game of politics in America. Well-known Democrats shied away from entering the June primary. Clair Burgener, the Republican incumbent since 1972, seemed unbeatable. Then the party woke up to realize that Metzger was running against an unknown named Bob Higgins, and so the chairman of the San Diego County Central Committee, Ed Skagen, hastily entered the race. Higgins dropped out of the primary just before election but still received about 30 percent of the vote.

Metzger's name was well known before the primary, but his Klan leadership was not. Although his Klan activities had received prominence in local talk shows and newscasts over the past two years, some voters later said that these details were forgotten, while the name stuck. There was considerable news coverage, in all media, of confrontations between Klan paraders and hostile onlookers, including a bloody encounter in Oceanside, near the Marine base. The Klan had been noisily fomenting racial conflicts through its organizing efforts among the Marines. Metzger had appeared in the news most prominently when the Klan volunteered its members to assist Federal agents in patrolling the Mexican-U.S. border in search of illegal aliens. These capers made him a celebrity, and as a result many voters knew his name—but not his game.

Yet Metzger was beaten by almost 5,000 votes in San Diego County, and did poorest in areas where he was best known and had campaigned hardest—in Oceanside, in his hometown of Fallbrook, sixty miles north of San Diego, and in the rich northern and coastal areas, including wealthy La Jolla. His margin of victory came from the working-class city of El Cajon, east of San Diego, and from rural, small-town Imperial County, a region sparsely populated and abutting the Mexican border.

In blunt campaign rhetoric, Metzger, who is a TV repairman, claimed to speak for the alienated workingman against the official parties. He had followed the Klan tradition of using minorities as scapegoats but downplayed open racism while concentrating his fire on welfare subsidies and increasing immigration. He even posed as the champion of blacks in competition with Cubans, blaming the Miami riots on the recent sealift.

Metzger departed from the traditional Klan image not only in his good English grammar and his suit and tie but also in his exploitation of the immigration issue. In post-election interviews with voters published in the press, a number spoke resentfully of Cuban immigration in distant Florida.

The immigration issue seems to have served as a code for a broader attack on minorities. Farmers got back at the hated United Farm Workers; Chicanos and blacks expressed their resentment at an immigration double standard that favored Cubans while Mexicans and Haitians were turned back or declared illegal; native minorities protested against the continued Indochinese migration into their neighborhoods in Southern California. Some of those interviewed by the newspapers mentioned the programs for bilingual education (Spanish and English) in the California schools in the same breath with criticism of welfare payments to immigrants. The "immigration issue" became a general euphemism for the growing competition between lower-income whites and the Chicano, black and Asian minorities in California, and also among those minorities. The heavy Federal subsidies allocated for Indochinese refugees occasioned much resentment among lower-income white, Chicano and black groups in San Diego.

These issues of racial, ethnic and class antipathies have been very difficult to deal with on the public stage of politics, and so they have remained at private and local

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levels. There, a strong centralized party organization might have contained them, but there was none. Now, Metzger's primary victory and his xenophobic language have let the cat out of the bag. Even if Metzger loses in November, as he probably will, he has pushed his way into the political limelight as a self-proclaimed populist-style champion of the little man against the Establishment. The next candidate will remember the Klan victory in June and move these issues a little higher up on the agenda. JOSEPH GUSFIELD

Joseph Gusfield is professor of sociology at the University of California, San Diego.

Italy on Hold

Italy's recent regional and local elections appeared to have made everyone reasonably happy but contributed little toward the solution of the country's problems.

There were no parliamentary seats at stake in the contests held June 8 and 9, but as the first vote since last year's national elections, when the Communists suffered sharp losses, they were regarded as an important barometer of current political trends, with the elections of 1975 and 1979 serving as comparison points. The ruling Christian Democrats, with 35.3 percent of the total vote, backslid some from last year's general election, in which they received 38.3 percent. But they gained in relation to the 1975 local elections. The Communists, with 31.5 percent, lost a bit compared with 1975 but improved a bit over their 30.4 percent showing last year. Thus both parties were able to claim victory.

The real victor, however, was Italy's third largest party, the Socialists, who gained in relation to both years. The strong Socialist showing, an increase of almost three percentage points over 1979, was taken as a solid endorsement of party leader Bettino Craxi's controversial decision in April to bring his party back into an alliance with the Christian Democrats.

The results would also seem to have strengthened Premier Francesco Cossiga's two-month-old coalition of Christian Democrats, Socialists and Republicans—at least in the short run. The first Italian Government in almost six years to enjoy a bona fide legislative majority, the coalition—and Cossiga himself—was seen as having withstood a sharp preelection attack by the Communists. The outlook, therefore, could be a period of relative political stability for Italy. But the brevity of most postwar Italian governments is not necessarily the principal symptom of the Italian political malaise. Italy's major problems are the continuing absence of an acceptable political alternative to the Christian Democrats, and years of insufficient ability—or will—to replace politicking with effective government. For this reason it is not difficult to find non-Communist, centrist politicians who still believe that relations with the Communists must continue to be given top priority.

Today, relations between Italy's two largest parties are at a lower ebb than at any time in the last five years. This is unsettling to those politicians who believe that dealing with Italy's internal problems—a new downturn in the economy and ongoing terrorism—necessitate Communist support. Current international tensions also make particularly relevant the question of what kind of Communist Party the Italians are to have. Isolation of the Communists from the governing process, it is feared, could lead to a halt in the as-yet unfinished process of democratic evolution in which the West's largest Marxist party has been involved.

Optimists, meaning those who believe that it is possible to govern Italy effectively without the Communists, were of course encouraged by the election results. Those groups which would like to see the Communists excluded from the Italian governing process—and this includes the United States—think this year's vote might be the beginning of a long-awaited, long-hoped-for process in which the Socialists might gradually become the more dominant of the two leftist parties. But the significantly smaller Socialist Party (which received barely 13 percent of the vote), most of whose leaders are not greatly respected by their peers, is bitterly divided between right and left, and although the election results give the dominant Craxi faction a strong boost, it is unlikely that these differences will rapidly disappear. Indeed, an immediate problem for the Socialists—who at some point will try to wrest the premiership from the Christian Democrats in return for their continuing support—will be whether to repudiate their present leftist local alliances in order to firm up their accord with the Christian Democrats.

For many Italians, the most disturbing note of the elections was the unprecedented number of abstentions and ruined or blank ballots: 17 percent of Italian voters declined to vote for any of Italy's political groups. The "party of abstention," as the Italians are now calling this group, is the third largest in Italy. And the implications, if not the causes, of this phenomenon are being taken very seriously indeed.

One of the causes, however, is no doubt the absence of a real alternative to Christian Democratic rule, and this takes us back to the kind of opposition and the nature of Italian Communism in coming years. One leading Christian Demo-

ANOTHER AWARD FOR COOK

Fred J. Cook has received a 1980 Page One Award for Crusading Journalism, Magazine Division. The award, among several given annually by the Newspaper Guild of New York, was for Cook's seven-part series on energy issues appearing in *The Nation* during 1979. Cook's crusade continues: next week in *The Nation*, an article on America's neglected energy source—natural gas.

Also Coming Up: Peggy Dennis on being a Communist and a Jew; Howard Morland on U.S. exports of tritium, a crucial H-bomb additive; Arthur H. Samuelson on the fate of an Israeli dissenter.

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cratic politician, who is as concerned about the credibility of his country's defense posture as he is about Italian democracy in the long term, said on the eve of the elections that substantial losses by the Communists would turn the party inward, which would probably be unfortunate. The democratic evolution of the Italian Communist Party has been a reflection of its growing participation in the decision-making process, and a climate of confrontation would not be in Italy's or the United States' long-term interests.

SARI GILBERT

Sari Gilbert is The Washington Post *stringer in Rome.*

ARTICLES.

ON PATRIOTISM

My Country, Right and Wrong

BERTRAM GROSS

Guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism.
—George Washington, Farewell Address

For me patriotism is the same as humanity. I am patriotic because I am human and humane. It is not exclusive.
—Mahatma Gandhi

In Gertrude Stein's opera *The Mother of Us All*, Susan B. Anthony, the women's rights pioneer, declares, "I am not puzzled; but it is very puzzling." In fact, she was deeply puzzled; that was Gertrude Stein's point. Similarly, one who applies intelligence and will in discovering and developing the logic of democracy must expect to face puzzlements. Anyone who tries to demystify or displace the Kafkaesque castles of power in the modern world creates another mystery if he or she pretends to know what exactly will happen next. Confronting the Golden International, the Ultra-Rich and the Corporate Overseers, or even their smallest underlings, is no tea party, picnic, or mere intellectual game. Any such effort involves uncertain opportunities and personal risks. Few who persist in attacking the establishment and resisting co-optation can expect to be rewarded for it on earth—although after death official tribute may be paid to their memories. The most immediate reward is to have not only one's competence but one's patriotism called into question.

This brings us to a deep puzzlement: what is patriotism really? I am not satisfied with Samuel Johnson's definition: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." And I can only partly accept Ambrose Bierce's restatement in *The Devil's Dictionary*: "I beg to submit that it is the first." Rather, I favor George Washington's implied distinction between genuine and pretended patriotism. This is like the difference between true and "fool's gold" democracy. But it is a much more puzzling distinction. The rhetoric of false democracy has beclouded the atmosphere for only a few decades. The rhetoric of false patriotism is older than the nation itself. It was always used by the classic fascists. It is a favorite artifice of friendly fascism today.

I can easily understand why George Washington warned against pretended patriotism. The Declaration of Independence held forth the promise of more democracy than any country had ever yet attempted. But, in the words of the Latouche/Robinson "Ballad for Americans," "Nobody who was anybody believed it. Everybody who was anybody—they doubted it." The more conspicuous doubters, in the words of Tom Paine, were the "sunshine patriots" who shrank from the service of their country in time of crisis. Equally dangerous were the many speculators who made fortunes by charging extortionate prices for the arms, food and clothing used by Washington's soldiers. During the entire struggle for independence, moreover, the social life of the new nation's cities was dominated by the rich "anybodies" still loyal to King George and the blessings of imperial monarchy. After the war, when Jefferson served as minister in Paris, he reported back on his difficulties with rich Americans: "Merchants are the least virtuous of citizens and possess the least of *amor patriae*." After serving two terms as President, Jefferson explained this phenomenon: "Merchants have no country. The mere spot they stand on does not constitute so strong an attachment as that from which they draw their gains."

I think I understand the kinds and roots of false patriotism today. Some years ago Francis W. Coker of Yale University put his finger on the divisive and exclusive patriots who "insist that the country must always be set above the rest of the world" and "in the name of patriotism conduct a virulent propaganda against economic and political measures of which they disapprove," including the admission of "undesirable" foreigners and also the free expression of dissident views in schools, churches, or the media. In his *Militarism, USA*, a sober critique based on years of experience in the U.S. Marine Corps, Col. James A. Donovan identifies the dangerous patriot: "the one who drifts into chauvinism and exhibits blind enthusiasm for military actions. He is a defender of militarism and its ideals of war and glory. Chauvinism is a proud and bellicose form of patriotism . . . which identifies numerous enemies who can only be dealt with through military power and which equates the national honor with military victory." With an insider's gift for telling detail, he relates this kind of dangerous patriotism to the vested interests of the "vast, expen-

Bertram Gross is Distinguished Professor in Hunter College's urban affairs department. This article is excerpted from his latest book, Friendly Fascism: The New Face of Power in America, *to be published by M. Evans on July 15.*

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sive, and burgeoning military-industrial-scientific-political combine which dominates the country." In *The Reason for Democracy*, published after his death in 1976, Kalman Silvert of New York University provided another pungent description of false patriots: "People who wrap themselves in the flag and proclaim the sanctity of the nation are usually racists, contemptuous of the poor and dedicated to keeping the community of 'ins' small and pure of blood, spirit and mind." The people described by Coker, Donovan and Silvert are the kind of scoundrels Samuel Johnson and Ambrose Bierce were referring to—and anyone acting in the spirit of true democracy should be prepared for opposition from them.

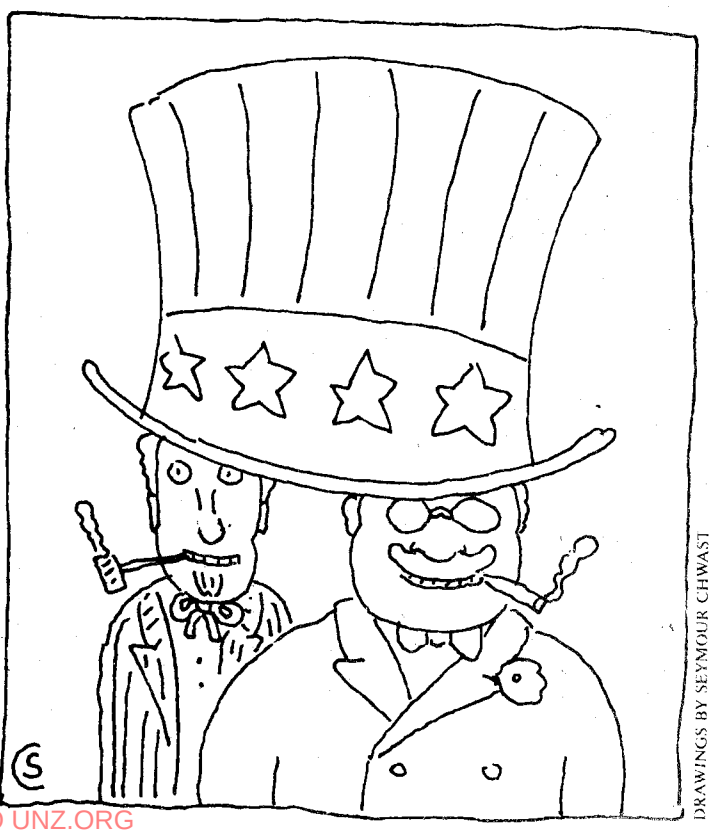
But there is more to it than that. Throughout the establishment there are "anybodies" who define patriotism as loyalty to themselves, their organization, or the regime, not to the Constitution, the country, or any higher principles of morality. To them, the Nuremberg principle was never enunciated. Their ideal subordinates are little Adolf Eichmanns who, not bothering about right or wrong, carry out any policies or orders given to them. Then there are the technocratic patriots who, fully accepting the dominant values of the establishment, compete with one another in working out the details of the policies or orders. Unlike Eichmann's, their evil is not banal. Like the patriotism of Albert Speer's technicians in the Nazi war machine, it is creative, adaptive and innovative—and totally divorced from any sense of moral responsibility. And at the establishment's pinnacle, connecting it with other castles of power in the Golden International, are the movers and shakers of the giant transnational conglomerates and complexes. Like the merchants described by Jefferson, they have no country and "the least of *amor patriae*." If Jefferson were alive today, I think he would amend his statement to point out that while standing on and drawing their gains from many spots, they have real attachments to none.

I think I also understand the questionable patriotism of flag-waving "nobodies" in the lower and middle classes. At the beginning of the 1970s, some "hard hats" in the building trades thought they were being patriotic by beating up youthful demonstrators against the Vietnam War. For those of them whose families had come to America to escape conscription, war and oppression in Old World countries, this was a crude way of demonstrating their thankfulness for being able to live in the greater freedom of the New World. For those who had never been able to go to college, who suffered the insecurities of the highly irregular and seasonal construction industry and who felt the humiliations of manual labor in an increasingly white-collar culture, this was an opportunity to demonstrate their physical superiority over the college kids. At the beginning of the 1980s some white- and blue-collar workers joined in waving the American flag while burning Iranian flags and beating up Iranian students. What they demonstrated was a very human—although somewhat pathetic—desire to rally around a cause in which they could believe. Here was an obvious wrongdoing to oppose, and a brief chance to join with others in expressing a common national purpose.

But I am puzzled as to why true patriots seem to hide their love for America. Perhaps, as Kalman Silvert wrote after criticizing flag-waving racists, people who "like to think about embracing all their fellow citizens are ashamed to use the symbols of nationhood." These have been sullied by the posturing of false patriots. Perhaps true patriots feel that love of country should be stated by actions alone—even though this means yielding up the words and the symbols to the impostors. Perhaps, as they struggle against huge odds to amend the flaws in American life, their attachment to America recedes into the background. The awareness of this attachment can only be further diminished when the people in America's central-city ghettos hear the words of "America the Beautiful" telling them: "Thine alabaster cities gleam/Undimmed by human tears!"

Nonetheless, I am puzzled. In 1948, Alan Paton, the South African writer, published a great novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country.* I remember wondering then what could be so beloved about that country, a land of bondage and fear, in comparison with my own country. I still wonder why so many of my own countrymen—particularly my students—are hesitant to express their love. Perhaps they must live in other countries long enough, as I have done, to appreciate the glories of America and learn that there is no other place where they can be at home. Perhaps they are put off by examples of blind patriotism. "Our country, right or wrong," the famous toast by Naval officer Stephen Decatur, seems to hail the closing of eyes to the wrongs committed by some Americans in the name of America.

To love America is not to cover up the misdeeds done by people of this country. A good parent is one who sees the faults of children as well as their beauties. He or she tries to understand those faults and, where possible, help correct



DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

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them. This does not mean withdrawing love and giving it back depending upon how the child behaves. For him or her, it is "My child, right and wrong, but my child." True love is never blind.

In Germany today the true patriots are those who, among other things, are trying to come to grips with the essence of past Nazi horrors. In the Soviet Union the true patriots are those who try to understand the nature and roots of Stalinism and the Stalinist legacy, rather than simply uttering some words about "the cult of personality" and running away from the subject. In America the true patriots are those who face the fact that Americans have always been both right and wrong and, instead of trying to squelch criticism, calmly take the position "My country, right *and* wrong." They are those who defend the good, the true and the beautiful in American life. They are willing to take risks in attacking what is wrong.

I came to maturity hating the wrongdoers of classic fascism. They were truly hateful. I cannot say that I hate the racists, chauvinists, sexists, polluters, interventionists, price fixers, labor haters, academic frauds, false patriots and corporate criminals and corrupters who are taking us down the paths toward friendly fascism. Hatred is *their* game. They hate people at home and abroad, and I suspect that many of them hate themselves. They are as much the victims as the beneficiaries of a system that needs some reconstructing. They need compassion. They also need their comeuppance. They must be fought in the factories and the fields, in the offices and the supermarkets, in the courts and the legislatures, at the ballot boxes, in the classrooms, on the picket lines, in the press and on the airwaves. They must be fought with every nonviolent and nonwarlike means that the ingenuity of man, woman, or child can devise.

These are no simple tasks. With so much to be done and undone, there is room—and need—for anyone anywhere. There are endless needs for uncovering exploitation and abuses wherever they may occur, whether intended or unintentional, and for demystifying the mysteries that obscure the workings of concentrated capital and power. It is necessary to act even while knowing that any line of action may have unintended consequences and prove to be myopic, perhaps even blind. It is essential to learn from mistakes and false starts, and to begin again in an endless struggle to make things better rather than sit idly by, waiting until they become worse. It does not matter so much whether one prefers defending the best in the status quo, seeking a truly reformed capitalism, or preparing the way for democratic socialism. It does not matter what crisis one responds to, what aspects of the democratic vision one cherishes most, or which portion of the democratic logic one acts on and develops. What matters is that one finds companions in journeys that may not be brief but should be joyous.

In the course of these journeys the dominant logic of today may be totally submerged by a new wave of a democratic future that seems improbable at present. This is the hopeful challenge behind all the puzzling entanglements of "What is to be done and undone?"

O brave new world that has such challenge in it! □

TOWARD A POLICE STATE

Law and Order British Style

JIRI WYATT

London

I live in one of the placid backwaters near London, one of those places where the haberdasher hasn't had a new style of button in for half a century, where the butcher calls everyone by name and where there are no police. Or at least I haven't seen a policeman for months. Living here, it is hard to take seriously the profound distrust, elsewhere, of almost everything the police now do, and even harder to come to grips with the fact that there now exists in Britain what can only be called a crisis in civil liberties.

Item: In a five-part series on "The State of the Nation" that appeared in the weekly *New Society*, the eminent historian E. P. Thompson wrote: "We are approaching a state of anarchy, or arbitrary and unaccountable administrative rule." Britain is well on the way to becoming a police state, Thompson wrote; after Italy and Germany earlier in the century, why should it not now be Britain's turn?

Item: José Cayuela, a Chilean journalist who spent four years in exile in Britain, has recently published a book in Spain entitled *Derechos Inhumanos en Gran Bretaña* (*Inhuman Rights in Great Britain*) charging Britain with a number of basic violations of individual liberty. As translator of former Foreign Secretary Dr. David Owen's book *Human Rights*, Cayuela is well placed to make comparative judgments. He accuses the British of racism, torture, discrimination against minorities and maintaining a class system that imprisons large numbers of people in second-class citizenship.

Item: Lord Denning, Master of the Rolls, head of the Court of Appeal, said that Britain should now adopt the European Convention on Human Rights into British law. In the past, so runs Denning's argument, the citizen's liberty did not need the perhaps cumbersome safeguard of a rigid constitutional document, because liberty was amply protected by the traditions of judicial responsibility, but today judges are under too much pressure from all sides, and a Bill of Rights is needed.

In the past several months, the chorus of alarm here has focused on three areas: police powers, freedom of information and the jury system. This outcry, moreover, has been fueled by two publicized police killings. In both cases, strong evidence emerged that the police had acted wrongfully, yet

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Jiri Wyatt, who has just finished a book on the Holocaust and Communism in Czechoslovakia, has published work in The New Yorker *and* The Massachusetts Review. *He now lives in England.*

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official investigations cleared them.

The behavior of constables in both cases—the apparent casual recourse to deadly violence protected by a conspiracy of silence; the refusal of the Director of Public Prosecutions to act against the police, and the unfeeling and sometimes vindictive oratory about law and order of the Thatcher Government have convinced many people that it is now impossible to prosecute the police for assault against a citizen. The police have achieved a privileged and somewhat sinister immunity. Robert Kilroy-Silk, chairman of the Parliamentary Labor Party's civil liberties group, pointed out that of the 2,230 complaints of assault submitted to the Police Complaints Board and the additional 2,154 referred to the Director of Public Prosecutions, in 1978, the board had not recommended disciplinary charges in a single case.

Nor is this all. Figures extracted from the Home Office during questions in Parliament about the two cases show that of 245 deaths officially admitted as having occurred in police custody in the last decade, only sixty-six were from natural causes. In twenty-two cases no inquest was held, and in fifteen the coroner returned an open verdict; a number of these people died of a "fractured skull."

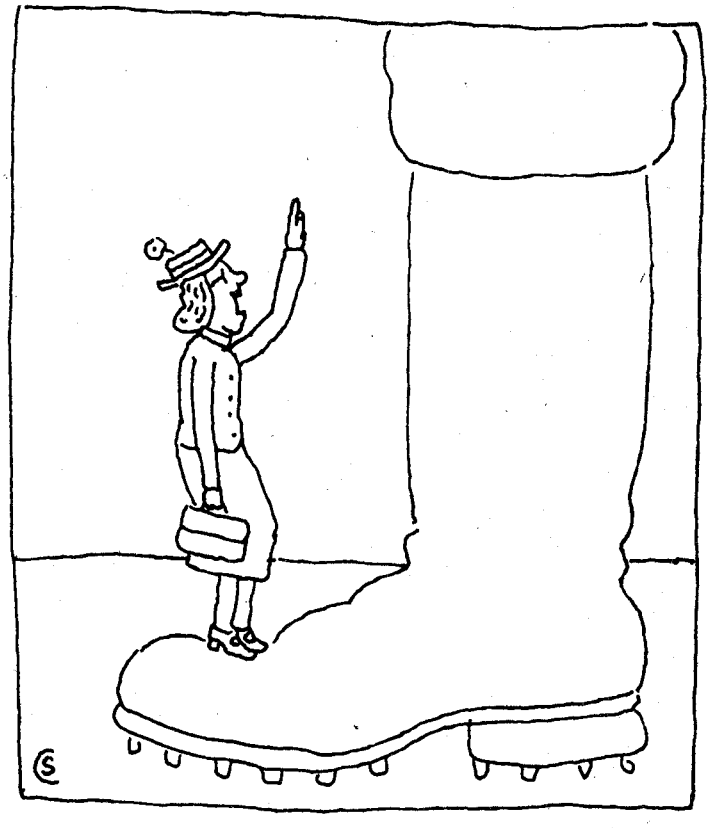
Some sociologists here have argued that, at least for the last decade, powerful groups in Britain have agitated to make the nation *more* violent. If Britain is to stand on its own in the "competitive" European Economic Community, if it is to be a successful rather than a bumbling consumer society, then it will have to become more aggressive. Certainly one of the unavoidable contradictions of British life today is that between the civility and indeed care with which everyday relations are conducted and the wild, routinely hysterical tone of the media. It is true that technically—that is, as far as the rules go—the British "Bobby" remains a travel agent's dream and doesn't bear arms. But according to Patricia Hewitt, general secretary of the National Council for Civil Liberties, officers of paramilitary squads like the Special Patrol Group routinely carry guns in their cars.

Nevertheless, having said this, one is obliged to add that the willingness, even the eagerness, of the police to employ unnecessary violence would not of itself make for a crisis in civil liberties—if it were not part and parcel of a broader syndrome. The belligerence of some policemen—if that is what it is—derives its justification and even authority, to begin, from a series of laws that the U.S. tourist never gets to hear of but which, by any U.S. standard, grant alarming powers to the police. Bills now before Parliament (and, if reports can be believed, bills in the works) propose to increase those powers. But finally giving legitimacy to these police practices and these laws is a climate of opinion—within both Government and opposition, in the media, among powerful groups in the country and within the police themselves—at once vehement about law and order and complacent about human rights.

This ascendance of authoritarianism within the last ten years has created the present crisis in liberties. Paradoxically, authoritarianism has roots in some of those qualities of British civility everyone admires—for example, the mutual deference. More ominously, there is the widely held and virtually unexamined British belief in the wisdom of vesting absolute power—at certain moments, under certain conditions—in central Government. Even the present Government, elected on a platform some thought irresponsibly laissez-faire, has in practice drawn more functions into its hands than its Labor predecessor. And for the whole of this century, Britain has had on its books—and successive governments have used—Emergency Powers legislation which enables the central Government, if "essential services of the country are threatened," to suspend and amend almost all the nation's laws.

The Emergency Powers Act now in force originated in 1920, when it was hurriedly passed to supplant wartime legislation. Ostensibly a shield against foreign threat, the act was first tried out during the General Strike of 1926 and remained in force for eight months. Since then, it has been used by Labor and Conservative governments alike exclusively to quell working-class militance. Labor used it to break the dock strikes of 1948 and 1949, the Tories against the rail strike of 1955 and Labor to stop the seamen's strike of 1966. Five of the eleven States of Emergency called since 1920 occurred during the brief rule of the former Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath.

Heath's unprecedented resort to arbitrary rule went hand in hand with the efforts of Labor and Tory administrations in the 1970s to control public debate and manipulate public scrutiny of government. This was done by use of the Official Secrets Act. Of even older vintage than the Emergency Powers legislation, the intent of this act is to prevent bureaucrats from divulging any information not officially released by ministers. This means, literally, passing on, intentionally or by accident, *any* piece of information to anyone.



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In the 1970s, every Prime Minister used this sweeping act as a blunt instrument to intimidate or silence the press.

To prevent "leaks," this extraordinary legislation reverses many common legal safeguards. If charged under some sections of the act, for example, a person is presumed guilty. Behavior that results in arrest for offenses defined by the act "shall be deemed . . . prejudicial to the safety and interests of the State unless the contrary is proved." An act "preparatory" to an offense is liable to the same punishment as the offense itself. Possession of official information—essentially anything the government doesn't want you to know—whether or not the person knows he or she is in possession and regardless of what the person does with it, if anything, constitutes an offense. If the Government requests, trials under the act may be held in camera: there is no record of a judge having ever denied a request for such a trial.

The main targets of this act, in the contemporary period, have been journalists. Their protests have led to studies, committees and reviews, but successive governments have let the act stand. These powers to gag critics and dissidents and to rule by fiat form the backdrop and set the mood for the specific repressive legislation of the 1970s. In November 1974, after an Irish Republican Army bombing campaign, the Labor Government that had ousted Heath hastily passed, in a single day, the Prevention of Terrorism (Temporary Provisions) Act. Chiefly, the act proscribed the I.R.A. and provided for a jail term of up to five years for membership; gave the Home Secretary the power to "exclude" people from mainland Britain whom he considers, on police evidence, to be involved in "the commission, preparation, or instigation of acts of terrorism," and allowed police to hold a person in detention for seven days as well as to search premises without a magistrate's warrant.

These powers have, of course, been abused. The National Union of Students recently complained to the Home Office that delegates to its annual convention from Ulster have been stopped every year and held under the act's "exclusion" powers. Others have pointed out that the act provides for internal exile. The Home Secretary can expel an individual from, say, Birmingham to Belfast—without trial, without meaningful appeal, indeed simply by administrative fiat. A huge number of persons have been detained under the act; the latest figure is 4,385. Of these, only forty-six cases have resulted in prosecutions under the act, and only 187 in other prosecutions.

In Ulster itself, of course, things are a lot worse. Not only can you be held and harassed but you can also be sent away to a political concentration camp for offenses that need never be tested before a jury. The police present their evidence and a magistrate makes a summary decision. When José Cayuela asked then Foreign Secretary David Owen about Ulster, he got this reply: "It is a very difficult issue for me. I am not trying to avoid it. I just don't know enough about it. I think there are some very disturbing facets about it. . . . It is very difficult to preserve human rights in its purest sense."

The spectacle of a government that gives itself draconian powers on the one hand and on the other mumbles that the issues are "difficult" and that really it's impossible to "know enough about it"; of ministers who publish books called *Human Rights* and then, when pressed about their own acts, protest you can't "preserve human rights in its purest sense"—this spectacle, displayed before the British for much of the last decade, has been insidious and corrupting. It has habituated police, judges, civil servants and the public to the normalcy of a sweet-talking absolutism; it has made the exercise of absolute powers by central Government an everyday thing, not worth much notice. And throughout the 1970s the tendency has been to bring more and more of the provisions of the Emergency Acts into routine police and judicial practice.

The Government, for example, is now moving through Parliament a revision of the criminal code for Scotland. According to Desmond Queen, president of the Glasgow Bar Association, this bill is "arguably the most important piece of legislation on matters criminal in Scotland this century." Yet the bill does not extend or reaffirm individual liberties: on the contrary, it aims at making some "temporary" emergency powers permanent. Queen points out that the bill tampers with the defendant's right to silence and to a presumption of innocence. The bill provides that when an accused person refuses to answer questions, such behavior shall be noted, and can be commented upon at the time of trial by the prosecutor and the trial judge. Thus, the bill pays lip service to an age-old right, while, as Queen says, taking a "major step towards undermining the presumption of innocence."

The bill also provides Scottish police with unprecedented powers of detention. A person may be held for up to six hours without being charged—and perhaps for six hours in succession upon the order of a magistrate, this point being left unclear in the bill. Moreover, a person may be searched and fingerprinted simply on suspicion. Taken as a whole, the bill opens the door to further, apparently minor changes, also imported from "temporary" draconian legislation. As well, the bill derives in part from the dubious analysis of the Thompson Committee, an influential study of criminal law. The committee put forward as a rationale for detention without charge the fact that under present practice, police violate the law and hold suspects illegally. Therefore, to enhance respect for law and order, the committee reasoned, the prevailing illegal practices of the police should be adopted into law. Prof. Wilson Finnie, of the Faculty of Law at the University of Edinburgh, aptly remarked about this ingenious bit of double-think: "Do we not run a risk of creating in the minds of police officers the belief that they will always be retrospectively vindicated if they habitually overstep their powers?"

Many Scottish lawyers have speculated that this bill is a trial run for similar or more stringent legislation later to be brought into England. One of the most hated practices of English policing that such a bill might at once legitimize and extend is harassment and detention under the (un)popularly called "sus" law. This is the Vagrancy Act, passed in 1824,

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which allows "arrest on suspicion" that a person is loitering "with intent to commit a punishable offense."

Although never wholly out of use, this law has enjoyed a kind of renaissance in the last decade and is increasingly deployed against black youths. No one can be surprised that in an inner-city, mainly black district, where most teen-agers are out of school and out of work, the inclination of an also young but white working-class constable will be to drag kids into custody for what must appear—to the kids anyway—as arbitrary reasons. But use of sus is so widespread and noticeable that it suggests much less waywardness by young cops than policy by their superiors. James Saunders, lawyer for defendants in a number of recent celebrated criminal and political cases, points out the especially unfair aspects of sus. Evidence against the accused is not available to his counsel before the moment of trial, which means evidence can't be checked or effectively questioned, Saunders says. Besides, evidence is presented by police before a judge—sus cases aren't heard before a jury. So, Saunders says, there's no scope for the magistrate to make a decision. He's either got to say the police are lying—both unlikely and hard to do—or that the defendant is lying.

The reliance, under sus, on summary judgments represents a significant element of the present crisis, for during the last decade an extremely damaging attack has been mounted on the jury system. As social discontent has made large sectors of the population—the young, the nonwhite, the Irish, the Welsh and Scottish nationalists, the urban poor, the union militants, the unemployed professionals, "liberated" women, the New Left—appear more and more unreliable, official efforts to find ways of freeing the administration of justice from the encumbrance of jury trials have been stepped up.

The most serious damage to the right of trial by jury occurred in the Labor Government's 1977 Criminal Justice Act, which moved whole categories of crimes from the Crown courts (where you can opt for trial by jury) to the magistrates' courts (where you can't). A number of public-order offenses, including obstruction, conduct conducive to breaches of the peace and assault on constables are now tried only by judges.

The following year, during an abortive prosecution under the Official Secrets Act, it emerged that the jury had been vetted—screened. The Attorney General, Sam Silkin, had to admit not only that the jury in this case had been sifted over but also that the practice went back a number of years. Rather than draw back from jury vetting as yet another blow to what used to be called "a fair trial," Silkin took the clever step of simply publishing "guidelines" for its use. He said that although "Parliament has provided safeguards . . . in the shape of majority verdicts, against jurors who may be corrupt or biased," these "may not be sufficient to ensure the proper administration of justice." Having in this way begun badly, he ended worse: in cases where "strong political motives" might come into play, a panel of jurors could be investigated by reference to files at the Criminal Records Office, the Special Branch (the political police) and the Criminal Investigation Division. If such investigation uncovers evidence of "disloyalty," why then a juror may be dismisssed, and of course neither the court, the juror, nor the defendant will know why. Silkin tried to assure Parliament that vetting wouldn't be a cover for fishing expeditions against jurors, and similarly implied that the scope of investigations would be limited to official criminal files.

But last fall, in what became known as "the Anarchists' Trial," just the kind of fishing expedition Silkin assured Parliament wasn't going to happen did. On trial were three men and one woman, alleged to be "anarchists" by a prosecutor who continued to insist this was not a "political" trial. In fact, the four were charged with conspiracy to rob. The jurors for this nonpolitical trial about a robbery were, it turned out, not just vetted but thoroughly investigated. Databanks, computer records, files—the works. Once the news of vetting became public, the irate judge dismissed the first jury and empaneled a second. This one was not only vetted by the prosecution but the defense lawyers were offered money so they too could check up on the jury.

Ironically, even this second, thoroughly sifted, bugged, investigated jury proved unreliable, and found the defendants innocent. Such ungrateful behavior merely served to prove to critics of juries how right they had been all along. Sir Robert Mark, the former head of the London Metropolitan Police and the most successful law-and-order publicist of the last decade, has said for years that juries don't convict often enough. "Procedural safeguards" are so stringent, in the eyes of Sir Robert, that the very fact a person gets committed for trial "is itself an indication of a strong probability of guilt. Acquittal is therefore unlikely to mean that the accused is innocent in the true sense of the word but only that the burden of proof (or the requirement to establish technical 'guilt') has not been discharged." Question: if one's guilt is not to depend on the burden of proof but simply to be deduced from the fact that one has been accused by the police, then what exactly remains of one's liberty?

Too much, say the police. Asked on television to name the greatest threat to Britain today, the Chief Constable of Manchester pointed the finger at "seditionists," people who aim to "undermine democracy." Sir David McNee, who followed Mark into the top job at Scotland Yard, recommended to Parliament in February that new restrictions should be placed on the rights of assembly. He wants the police—not magistrates, or ministers, or any other civil authority—to be able to decide, "in the interests of public order," when a march shall be abruptly diverted from its route, when open-air meetings shall and shall not be allowed, when these meetings should be dispersed, when and where groups can hold meetings during elections.

So "democracy" is swallowed by "public order" and the exercise of democracy is interpreted as the intent to "undermine democracy." An absolutist consensus for order justifies the attack on the rights of free speech and assembly, the right to protection from unreasonable search and seizure, the right to be considered innocent until proven guilty, the right to trial by a jury of one's peers. Many people share

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Thompson's alarm at this state of affairs—but as many, if not more, side with Scotland Yard. After a decade of often violent social conflict, of division and anxiety, many people in Britain think of tranquillity as the surest sign that the quality of life as they used to know it will once again be secure. Nowhere is this more true than in communities like the friendly one I live in, where the essence of well-being is the absence of change. A troubled population that wants prosperity more than liberty and values order more than democracy is unlikely to oppose Margaret Thatcher when, following all the precedents, she too begins to silence opponents by brandishing the Official Secrets Act and to rule by fiat by declaring States of Emergency. □

CHEMICAL WARFARE *REDUX*

A Nerve Gas We Can Love

JAMIE KITMAN

With all the arcane new military hardware occupying the thoughts of our defense correspondents, the rebirth of America's chemical warfare effort has gone largely unnoticed. Attention naturally gravitates to the expensive weapons with large public relations programs. The chemical-warfare proponents in the Pentagon, however, believe their time has come. They have developed a new technique in gas warfare—binary chemical weapons.

Binary chemical weapons are so named because they employ two agents of relatively low toxicity which combine in a projectile during its final trajectory to form a highly lethal nerve gas. In comparison to conventional nerve gas systems, they are said to offer increased safety, simplicity and economy in construction, handling, maintenance, transport and use. And, according to an increasingly vocal band of military strategists and Congressional hawks, they are essential to a "credible" U.S. deterrent to the Soviet chemical threat.

For years, binary weapons remained in the development stage, where steady transfusions of R & D dollars kept them alive until the day that they would be politically acceptable. Now, after a long latency period and refusals by Congress in 1974 and 1975 to fund their production, that acceptability seems more imminent. Binary weapons have been designed to overcome the most politically touchy problem: transportation inside the United States. Also, the allegations of the use of poisonous gases by Soviet troops in Afghanistan have enabled binary supporters to tout them as a deterrent to the Soviet "threat."

The future of binary weapons will become much clearer within the next few weeks, after the House votes on a bill containing an amendment that authorizes funds for tooling up the Army's Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Arsenal for production of binary projectiles. Although the original 1981 defense budget earmarked $85 million for chemical warfare, it did not contain money for the actual production of binaries, and so Representative Mendel Davis, Democrat of South Carolina, introduced an amendment in the Military Construction Authorization Subcommittee that provides funding. It passed unanimously and the Armed Services Committee voted 36 to 1 to report the bill out of committee. Present indications are that it will sail through the House.

Under the plan envisioned by binary supporters, the Pine Bluff Arsenal will produce 155-millimeter artillery rounds containing the gas by late 1983 or early 1984. Programs for 8-inch rounds, due in 1985, and the "Bigeye" aircraft-massive bomb, being developed jointly by the Navy and the Air Force for production in 1986, will follow. Total preproduction costs for the three are estimated at $185 million.

Objections to chemical warfare can be made on both military and humanitarian grounds. Because they are subject to variations in atmospheric conditions, such weapons kill indiscriminately. Once released, a chemical weapon is virtually impossible to direct or contain. Wearing protective equipment, one can avoid or reduce the effect of gases; however, this equipment is often accessible only to military personnel, so the gases are principally effective against civilians.

The current U.S. stockpile of chemical weapons includes three million artillery shells, a few thousand aerial bombs and several hundred thousand land mines. Most of these are filled with G nerve agents, an organophosphorous compound that is odorless, invisible and devastatingly lethal. A microscopic drop landing on a person's body will, within fifteen minutes, cause contraction of the pupils, headaches, vomiting, uncontrolled defecation and urination, muscular convulsions, coma and, shortly afterward, death. The binary weapon emits either G agents or V agents (another lethal nerve gas) when an explosive charge combines the contents of its two canisters.

If the binary is an inefficient, costly and potentially inhumane method of guaranteeing U.S. security from chemical attack, what then has been its attraction? Why not rely strictly on protective measures and equipment?

Part of the answer is the familiar concept of "credible" deterrence. The U.S. military has a tradition of developing offensive weapons that are ostensibly devised to answer a specific external threat. Often more crucial to military planners, though, is the existence of the technology to build a new weapon. If we can build it, they reason, we had better build it before our adversary does. But more than anything, the binary's emergence is a tribute to the fortitude of the U.S. chemical warfare effort.

For a quarter of a century, the chemical warfare units of the American military were generously funded and well respected. When World War II ended, Allied forces brought home several lethal gases developed by Nazi scientists, including several that were precursors of the current G agents. In the United States, a period of unrestrained

Jamie Kitman works for The Advocate *of Stamford, Connecticut.*

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growth and experimentation followed.

By 1969, the U.S. chemical biological warfare (CBW) effort boasted a $350 million annual budget, the participation of sixty American and several foreign universities and at least twenty private firms. Large quantities of G and V nerve agents were stocked, as were an assortment of mustard and tear gases, defoliants, soil poisons and herbicides. In addition to these were several deadly biological toxins, including shellfish poison; *Botulinum toxin A*, a food poison; *Bacillus anthracis*, an organism responsible for anthrax, and *Coxiella burnetti*, which causes Q-fever, a disease with symptoms resembling pneumonia.

During the 1960s, the Army Chemical Corps, which was chiefly responsible for U.S. CBW efforts, was fond of citing the positive aspects of the basic scientific research it sponsored. Of more lasting memory, though, is the corps' record of reckless testing of ever more deadly toxins. A few examples will suffice:

§ A 1977 Army report revealed that, between 1949 and 1969, 239 open-air tests of CBW agents were conducted in the United States. Some of these, the report stated, were carried out in public places: National Airport and the Greyhound Bus Terminal in Washington, D.C., two tunnels in the Pennsylvania Turnpike and the subway system of New York City were specifically mentioned. Several of the agents were subsequently found to be harmful.

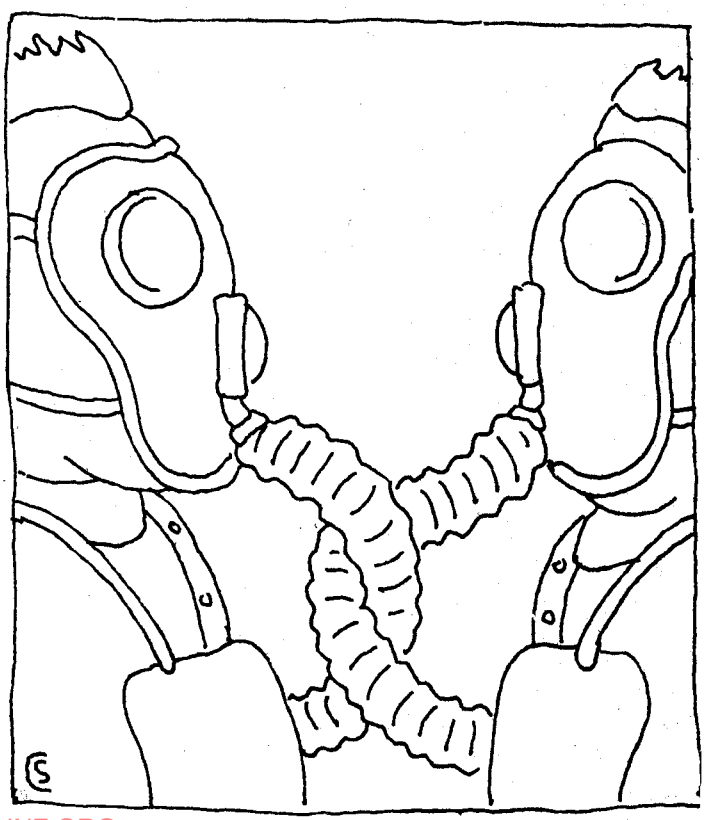
§ In a 1950 test, the Army dumped a bacterium called *Serratia marcescens* into San Francisco Bay to see what would happen. A doctor at an area hospital reported eleven cases of infection with the bacterium, with one ending in death. By the late 1960s, the Army had determined, to its satisfaction, that the bacterium could be harmful in large doses, but denied responsibility in the earlier death.

§ Another Army project surfaced recently under the Freedom of Information Act. Code-named "Operation Dork," this 1964 test entailed the release of a cloud of a powerful hallucinogenic gas over eight enlisted men in a Utah field. The object was to prove that enemy soldiers could be incapacitated by inducing delirium. The incapacitating gas, BZ, is said to be 10 to 100 times more powerful than LSD, inducing dry mouth, increased blood flow, urinary frequency and urgency, recurring blurred vision, nausea and vomiting. Apparently the tests were some sort of success—an Army spokesman said in 1979 that the Army had fifty tons of BZ stockpiled at bases in Maryland, Arkansas and Utah.

§ In the mid-1960s, a contract was given to the Travelers' Research Corporation of Hartford to develop a method of disseminating bubonic plague from aircraft. Prior to the letting of this contract, Vietnamese scientists had charged the United States with spreading the plague. The use of biological warfare agents is nearly impossible to prove with certainty long after the fact, but scientists reported an unusual rise in deaths attributable to the plague. In 1961, only eight cases were reported in South Vietnam. By 1965, according to a document compiled by a U.S. Army Medical Research Team, there were 4,500. Statistics released by the World Health Organization in 1965 report no cases of the plague anywhere else in Southeast Asia, except in Burma, where no rise from previous years was recorded. Lacking evidence of any other cause of this striking increase in South Vietnam, heavy suspicion falls on biological warfare. Certainly CBW became routine in Vietnam as the war progressed. Tear gases, defoliants, soil poisons and herbicides were employed daily as integral parts of the U.S. campaign. The effects of one herbicide, Agent Orange, are only now being documented here, but for years Vietnamese scientists have linked the use of this and other poisons to enormous increases in the rates of cancer and birth defects among those exposed. [See Ronald Brownstein, "Who Compensates the Victims?" *The Nation*, June 28.]

The excesses of U.S. involvement with CBW and the liberties taken by the corps in the 1960s reached their high-water mark during the war in Vietnam. Then came the fall. In the late 1960s, there was a growing hostility among the American public and the international community toward the use of CBW. Televised reports of American operations in Vietnam and frequent accidents with stockpiled chemical munitions at home brought the chemical warriors under heightened public scrutiny.

There was, for example, the accident in 1968 at the Army's Dugway, Utah, Proving Ground. After repeated carefully worded denials, the Army finally admitted—a full year later—that the deaths of 6,400 sheep downwind from the proving ground were related to open-air testing. Following this revelation, legislation severely restricting such testing was passed. Given the rising public concern for the environment, the country's long adventure with CBW appeared to be drawing to a close. In 1969, President Richard Nixon announced amid great fanfare that the United States would unilaterally renounce biological weapons and destroy



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its existing germ and chemical warfare stocks. Soon afterward, he resubmitted to the Senate a 1925 Geneva Convention Protocol banning the use of chemical and biological warfare. It was ratified, and the United States became the last major power to sign, in 1975.

The 1970s were trying times for the corps. Funding was reduced, munitions were destroyed and facilities were retired or converted to other uses. The arsenal at Pine Bluff was slated to become a cancer research facility. The corps, once a respected and powerful interest group within the Pentagon, was being sacrificed to public opinion.

As it happened, the turning point for the Chemical Corps came in the summer of 1969. A Pentagon plan to ship 27,000 tons of obsolete and decaying nerve agents by rail to the Atlantic Ocean was greeted by a public outcry. As Julian Perry Robinson, a senior research fellow at the University of Sussex, England, wrote in his 1974 paper "Binary Nerve Gas Weapons," "This particular episode made a particularly deep impression, so much so that over subsequent years the corps came to believe that if it could allay the public's fear about transportation hazards, it would be restored to general grace and favour." Robinson notes that although interest in the military applications of the binary process can be traced back to 1909, binary research accounted for only 1 or 2 percent of the corps' total expenditure in the fiscal year ending in June 1969. In 1970, the figure rose to 25 percent and in 1971, 50 percent. Today it accounts for virtually all of the R & D program for lethal chemical weapons.

Clearly, stockpiling and maintaining conventional nerve gas was an expensive and dangerous business. Accident prevention and cleanup required a disproportionate amount of time, money and energy. Last February, the Army reported that since 1967, 955 leaks in its stockpile of poison gases have been recorded and that some personnel had experienced "mild symptoms" of poisoning. Because their two toxic components would be kept separate until use, reducing the danger of accidents during storage, handling and transportation, binaries looked to be the ideal centerpiece of the new chemical warfare.

The military hopes that they will not only allay fears at home but also those of foreign governments, on whose soil chemical agents have been stored. The Army was frequently attacked in the foreign press for its stockpiling activities and, at times, came under intense pressure from foreign governments. In 1969, following a disclosure that twenty-three military personnel had been disabled by a leak of deadly VX nerve gas at a U.S. depot in Okinawa, Japanese Government protests forced the Pentagon to remove the gas from the base. The Japanese, incidentally, had never been informed of its presence, and the Army had denied on several occasions that gas was stored in Okinawa.

This "safety" aspect of the binary may already be reaping its reward. A recent report in *The Los Angeles Times* states that European defense chiefs are considering, as part of a general military buildup, the implementation of a North Atlantic Treaty Organization chemical warfare force.

Although the mindset that can regard CBW as a permissible military weapon would naturally find the binary process attractive and logical, there are several compelling arguments that can be raised against it:

(*1*) First-strike use of CBW is internationally outlawed. The only point in having an offensive CBW capability is to persuade the enemy that you will use it in a retaliatory capacity. If the enemy has good protective equipment, as the Department of Defense regularly assures us the Soviet Union does, a retaliatory strike will only force the Russian troops to use it. Binaries are thus an expensive way of inconveniencing enemy troops with the side effect of killing innocent civilians.

(*2*) Expenditures for CBW protective equipment, education and early detection systems do much more to assure that we will not be attacked chemically.

(*3*) Chemical weapons have been called "the poor man's H-bomb." The legitimization and availability of binary CBW technology to other countries will surely follow the perfection of the process by the United States. Possibilities for terrorist actions will abound. In this way, binaries will jeopardize U.S. and world security.

(*4*) Efforts at internationally outlawing CBW production and stockpiling will be pushed further out of reach. Historically, U.S. enthusiasm for controls has been, at best, half-hearted. In the past, the major impediment to meaningful agreement has been the issue of verification. Binaries, composed of components that will be stored separately, will make verification more difficult.

(*5*) As early as 1972, the Army informed Congress of its interest in open-air testing of binaries. Without it, the weapons won't even meet the grossly low standard of reliability set for our current weapons. The environmental and safety arguments against open-air testing are as strong today as they were ten years ago.

All of these points will be overlooked in order to make a nerve gas that is easy to use. Given the dismal U.S. record of CBW use in Vietnam in violation of the Geneva Convention, one can only be pessimistic about the consequences. □

Crash

(Continued From Front Cover)

would have lived happily ever after. But, as John Maynard Keynes presciently argued in his 1919 polemic, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, the Versailles Treaty deliberately crippled the German economy by shearing away Silesia, Alsace, Lorraine and the Saar, the country's major sources of iron and coal and, into the bargain, expropriating the entire German merchant fleet as reparations. Determined to eliminate German competition in world markets, the winners, including the United States, kept tariffs high enough for all practical purposes to exclude

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of economics, Lehman College, the City University of New York.

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German manufactures from their shores.

Nevertheless, there was a way for all the actors temporarily to honor their debts. The Young and Dawes plans for the funding of German reparations implicitly committed their American sponsors to floating new loans to the Germans in American capital markets. The proceeds from them financed German reparations to the Allies, who remitted equivalent sums to the Americans. So long as American banks, investors and politicians were willing to initiate a shuffle of funds eastward across the Atlantic to Germany, the money in good time was sure to return headed west to the United States. All parties high-mindedly ignored the linkages among the transactions, above all the certainty that the moment the Germans defaulted, the ability of the French and English to repay their own debts would abruptly vanish. As the superannuated will recall, "brave little Finland" was celebrated as the only American debtor that paid up on time through the entire Depression.

Across a half-century, disquieting historical echoes quiver in the atmosphere. The emergence of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries and especially its Middle Eastern members as a global power marks an economic and political event of a size quite comparable to the novel American dominion after World War I. Now as earlier, the power shift reflects itself in the creation and distribution of new assets and liabilities. By some estimates, OPEC this year will extract from its customers a tidy $100 billion more than it purchases from countries unlucky enough to possess no oil wells or too few of them to heat their homes and fuel their automobiles.

On such numbers hang several tales. Western Europe, Japan and the United States can more or less cope, though at considerable cost to internal growth and employment, with the financial imposition of petroleum prices which, since 1973, have multiplied fourteen- or fifteenfold, by conservative estimates. They jostle one another to sell the oil exporters everything from food, through telephone systems and ready-made harbors, to the latest in fighter planes and tanks. Awash in cash, the Saudis, Kuwaitis and lesser producers make huge deposits in Citibank, Morgan Guaranty, Chase and other money-market banks. Through massive purchases of Treasury notes, they have become the proud owners of an increasing share of the American national debt. Saudis backed the Hunts in their modest attempt to corner the world's silver market.

Although the rich countries have grave and growing troubles of their own, their difficulties are largely self-inflicted. Those most threatened by OPEC are developing nations without oil, a category that includes most of Africa except Algeria, Libya and Nigeria; Latin America except Venezuela, Ecuador and Mexico, and Southeast Asia. Out of their scanty export earnings, they are no more able to finance OPEC reparations than the Germans were to meet the demands of World War I winners. Much as before, the response of the rich to the plight of the poor features as a crucial element vast loans by American banks, this time to such borrowers as Peru, South Korea, Turkey, Brazil and Zaire. These and other debtor nations transfer the proceeds to OPEC. This is the phenomenon universally termed recycling and usually celebrated as a triumph of market response to exigencies of unusual gravity.

Return for a moment to 1929. By the middle of that year, American investors and speculators had become comparatively uninterested in foreign loans and increasingly fascinated by lucrative domestic possibilities, among them common stocks which were absolutely certain to enrich patriotic believers in the American dream of affluence, Florida real estate, much of it belatedly identified as under water, and other outlets for avarice. Once the American props were withdrawn, the rickety structure of reparations and war debts in short order collapsed.

In 1980, scenarios of plausible disaster are far more numerous than they were in 1929. In reprisal for non-progress on the Palestinian issue, OPEC may resort to selective or total boycott of the rich industrial importers. Nor, after last year's seizure of the Grand Mosque, can the possibility of a fundamentalist Islamic revolution in Saudi Arabia of the Iranian variety be excluded. The world petroleum market has adjusted to the loss of all but a small fraction of Iranian oil. There is no chance that market could cope with the disappearance of the 9.5 million barrels now daily pumped from their inexhaustible sands by the Saudis.

Less apocalyptic disturbances abound. OPEC may decide to denominate its exports in Swiss francs or German marks with damaging impact upon the value of the dollar and the already eroding position of the United States in world markets. On sheerly economic grounds, OPEC members may conclude that their elixir is more valuable in the ground than on current sale. Sharp cuts in output might readily double or treble today's oil prices. Oil at $100 a barrel is the sort of nightmare that the contemporary world often converts into grisly fact. Again on rational calculation, Middle Eastern producers may decide, in the wake of the freezing of Iranian assets, that it might be only prudent to transfer $10 billion, $20 billion, or $30 billion of their deposits in American banks to calmer havens in Switzerland and Liechtenstein. On similar grounds, they may sell enough of their holdings of Treasury bills and other Federal obligations to completely disorganize financial markets.

What else can go wrong? The second step in the recycling process entails huge loans by American banks, made possible by OPEC deposits, to developing lands without oil. It is common gossip that the interest on these loans, let alone repayments of principal, is absorbing huge and expanding percentages of export earnings, slowing plans for economic development and imperiling the continuity of many regimes. On normal commercial grounds, a prudent lender would refuse to renew, much less enlarge, these shaky loans as they come due. In reality, lenders find themselves in a no-win dilemma. If they demand payment, debtors will default and in the process erode the solvency of both debtors and creditors. On the other hand, renewal of dubious loans merely postpones the moment of unavoidable default, presumably until the current crop of bank executives retires.

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I reiterate the obvious when I note that no resolution to the recycling dilemma is politically plausible. Rich consumers have done little to reduce their dependence upon OPEC, either by genuine conservation or development of renewable sources of energy. Quite naturally, OPEC wants rich countries (whom it is gradually rendering less rich) to continue the loans to the Third World which OPEC can well afford to finance. The Third World goes along with current arrangements partly because it is too weak to do anything else, partly out of comprehensible joy at the pain of the Europeans and Americans and partly out of hope of special concessions from OPEC.

One should not push historical parallels too far. The seven years since OPEC struck in the wake of the Yom Kippur War have not been a time of prosperity like the 1920s. Indeed, OPEC and the failures of political response by affluent countries have generated a stagflation now being superseded by depression which masks a dangerous and generally ignored crisis of distribution. Political harmony and social peace even of the fragile American variety have been premised upon steady growth in per capita Gross National Product. Since World War II, the substitute for redistribution of income and wealth in the direction of diminished inequality has been the promise of small but dependable improvements in real earnings for average blue- and white-collar wage slaves.

The era of rapid growth has ended. Each year, the United States transfers to OPEC a substantial percentage of attainable growth. OPEC is by no means the only reason why growth has slowed. As a society, Americans in general and major corporations in particular have just begun to meet the overdue bills of environmental pollution, damage to worker health, product defects and racial inequality. Efforts to repair the damage are essential, but they consume resources that might otherwise be used to fabricate consumer goods. For these and other reasons, productivity, as the statisticians measure that mysterious concept, has been refusing to grow. In 1979, per capita output actually declined.

All over the developed world, growth rates have declined for these and allied reasons. As Marx realized in the nineteenth century, capitalism is a system that survives only as it expands. Producers and advertisers have devoted themselves with conspicuous success to the generation of consumer wants and the creation of consumer anticipations that take-home pay will rise enough to enable large adults and tiny children in consumer training to gratify most of the tastes they are teased and coaxed into acquiring. In the grand old days of nineteenth-century capitalism, red in tooth and claw, the normal political reaction to OPEC-like events was a refusal to create new money, downward pressure on other prices because purchasers had less money to buy other products and massive unemployment. The poor and humble were instructed that depression was either a natural calamity, a punishment by a vengeful deity for their profligacy, or both.

Since Keynes, the customers who are also voters have learned a different lesson. On expert authority, they expec their governments to prevent serious recession an guarantee forever-rising living standards. Even in Jimm Carter's conservative and disordered Administration, bot Congress and the President felt constrained to offer lip serv ice to full employment in the rhetoric of the Humphrey Hawkins Act.

The generally pro-business governments of Wester Europe, Japan and our own country have reacted to OPEC not by sensible and equitable controls and national planning but, according to the adroitness of their leaders, by eithe concealing the employment costs of the recessions they were creating or printing enough additional money to validate new claims for higher wages and more profits. The Germans and Swiss sent their guest workers home and raised Italian, Yugoslav, Spanish and Turkish unemployment. Economist Lester Thurow has calculated that if U.S. employers had laid off as large a percentage of the American labor force as the Germans expelled in that year, unemployment would have risen to approximately 16 percent.

Too weak, too confused and too conservative to fight fo general price controls, selective wage controls and gasoline rationing at the start of his Administration, President Carte was left with only two policy alternatives. He might have deliberately initiated a recession by a combination of encouragement to the Federal Reserve to limit money growth and tighten credit and fiscal stringency in the form of higher taxes and reduced Federal spending. To his credit, he selected the other remaining possibility, monetary accommodation. This jargon translates into expansion of the money supply by an amount substantial enough to satisfy the dollar demands of unions and stockholders as well as the latest prices posted by OPEC. Unhappily, slow growth and static or declining worker productivity did not and do not allow money incomes in real terms to grow as fast as they do in dollar measures. More money does not buy more goods. It merely raises the prices of those that are available.

As all the economic actors got a fix on what was happening, inflation began to accelerate. When productivity is zero, the "right" noninflationary wage increase is zero. But with the cost of living until very recently soaring at 18 percent annual rates, neither unions nor employers really expected to settle without substantial wage improvements, zero productivity or no zero productivity. Even Mayor Edward Koch, New York City's beloved Scrooge, has reluctantly offered something to his favorite targets, the municipal labor unions. Wage hikes, particularly in an inflationary environment, are rapidly converted into price increases, and higher prices are a sufficient justification for union pressure for more generous cost-of-living clauses in their contracts. As the price level ascends, automatic increases in Social Security benefits and contracts indexed to wholesale or retail price indexes are set in motion. Prices rise because wages rise and wages rise because prices rise. As the players become more sophisticated, they try to anticipate the next upward twirl of the spiral and in so doing accelerate the pace of inflation. The upshot is a basic inflation rate, quite aside from OPEC's contribution, of 9 percent, according to the

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Council of Economic Advisers, or 10 percent by the computations of the Council on Wage and Price Stability. Each figure measures the excess of average wage increases over productivity improvements.

With increasing wistfulness, economists in and out of the Administration took to predicting recession in 1978 and 1979 as the sovereign cure for mounting rates of inflation. On inspection, the refusal of this insistently heralded contraction to arrive on schedule is far from mysterious. Average working families sustained in two ways their customary standard of life at a time when real wages in factories and offices were declining. Women went to work, for the most part at semi-skilled, ill-paid jobs in supermarkets, offices and factories. In addition, more and more Americans stopped saving and went ever more heavily into debt.

By March of this year, the national savings rate declined to 3 percent, a historic low and a small fraction of German and Japanese rates. Americans were running out of money and getting worried about the size of their monthly installment and credit card liabilities. Moreover, in weakening labor markets, fewer jobs were open to women and, probably, most of the women eager to enter the labor market had already done so. The National Bureau of Economic Research, official custodian of business cycle dating, recently announced that the 1980 recession began in January.

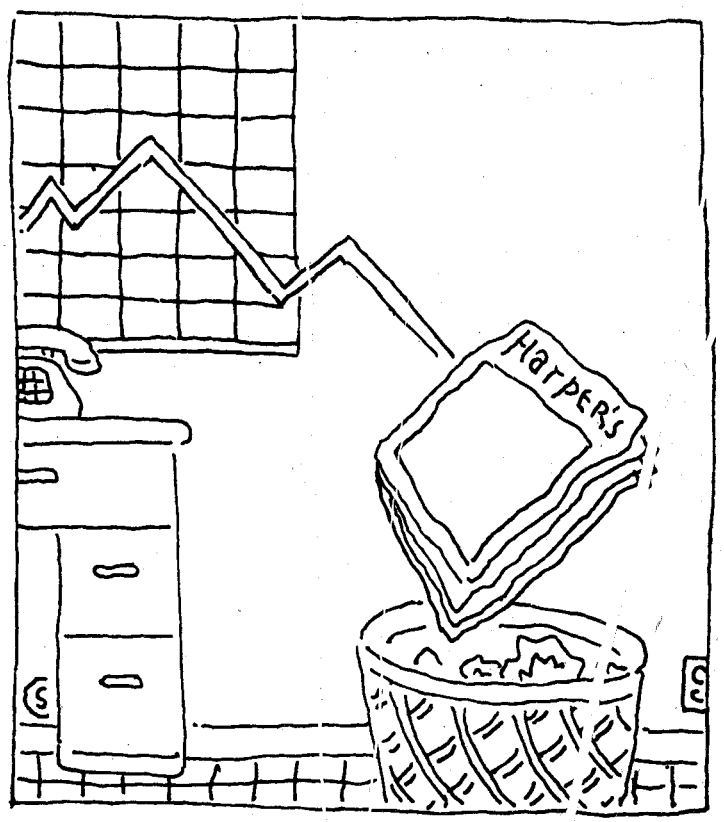
But the reasons why the decline has been so steep and the collapse of retail sales, construction, the market for autos and the net income of farmers so startling go back to last summer. After several days on his Camp David mountaintop, President Carter informed his constituents that they were suffering from malaise and, for his part, fired half his Cabinet. Among the victims were Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal. To that position he moved the accommodating G. William Miller, only recently appointed Federal Reserve Chairman. Assorted gnomes in Switzerland, West Germany, London's City and our own Wall Street instructed the President that they expected him to appoint a valiant warrior against inflation, a sound-money hero, a banker resolute in his determination to endure bravely the bankruptcy and unemployment of others. Everyone agreed that just the man was Paul Volcker, the president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and follower of Milton Friedman. In November, the Federal Reserve Board announced that it was going to slow drastically the rate of monetary expansion, tighten credit and allow interest rates to rise as high as they liked.

In spite of this sturdy edict, inflation accelerated. In March, with the maladroit timing for which it is famous, the Fed decided, with the cooperation of Jimmy Carter, who invoked his credit allocation powers under a 1969 statute, to restrict credit further and more specifically. Banks were urged to curtail speculative loans, except of course to worthy exceptions like the Hunt brothers. The Fed also restricted consumer credit, in particular the use of credit cards. The message was startling to citizens inured to the exhortations of American Express, Master Charge and Visa to sign up in a hurry and deploy their bits of plastic as magic money, a variation upon the alchemist's dream of transmuting lead into gold. More prosaically, credit cards turned plastic into paper money. Now both the Fed and the President implied strongly that consumer credit was, if not immoral and fattening, at the least unpatriotic. Families already concerned about their financial situations now were treated to precisely the psychological reinforcement to keep them out of store and showroom in droves.

In sum, the business expansion which began in 1975 and ended at the start of this year was sustained two years past its natural term of life mostly on the fuel of consumer spending. It was an unwholesome prosperity which masked substantial redistribution of income and wealth from average wage earners to corporate executives, stockholders, property developers and the big oil companies. Avram Kisselgoff, in a recent study for the impeccably conservative National Bureau of Economic Research, once more demonstrated what any sensible soul intuitively held to be obvious: that Exxon and its mammoth colleagues have sharply increased their profits since 1973. OPEC and the oil companies are natural allies. Every price boost by the former inflates the earnings of the latter. Americans pay one monopoly price to OPEC and another to their own oil companies.

Thus it has come about that Carter, the apostle of the free market, has chosen, in sequence, both inflation and deep recession. Let us use the correct word for the latter—depression. Although the unneedy fared well during inflation, price explosions in the end frighten investors, damage export competitiveness and encourage even larger sales of Japanese autos and electronics.

It will serve Carter right if he loses his re-election bid because of continued economic deterioration and increasing mass unemployment. By the time of the Democratic convention in August, unemployment is likely to be 9 percent. By



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November, on present indications, it may touch 10 percent. The first figure matches the worst months in the 1974-75 mini-depression. The second harks back to the eve of World War II. If Carter escapes condign punishment it will be only because the public begins to listen to Ronald Reagan and is sufficiently horrified by what it hears to spare our Jimmy a return trip to Plains.

Carter has been called the most conservative President since Calvin Coolidge. Although the charge appears to neglect the claims of Dwight Eisenhower and Gerald Ford, it must be noted that even Richard Nixon in 1971 displayed more concern for jobs than Carter. The ninety-day freeze imposed in August of that year was succeeded by thirteen months of comparatively effective controls over incomes and prices.

With not the slightest joy, I foresee an exceptionally deep and prolonged slump. Even a substantial tax cut, the favored conservative response, is unlikely to reverse the economic engines. Frightened consumers are more likely to pay their bills or strive to rebuild their depleted savings accounts than to hasten obediently back to market. Confronted by idle equipment and unneeded factories, corporations are more likely to postpone than enlarge new investment in plant and machinery. In their present mood, neither Congress nor the President seems ready to endorse effective action: massive creation of public jobs coupled with gasoline rationing and appropriate controls over prices and incomes.

From the standpoint of corporate board rooms, a good traditional depression has its merits. Multinational corporations can substitute overseas markets and investments for their American counterparts. Heavy domestic unemployment weakens unions, tightens labor discipline, lowers labor costs, depoliticizes the campuses and encourages politicians to reduce business taxes and loosen annoying regulations on behalf of worker health and safety, product reliability and environmental protection. Since its gaudy 1975 fiscal crisis, New York City's fragile revival has been premised on the emergence of the metropolitan area as a low-wage haven. One of Milton Friedman's *Free to Choose* propaganda exercises celebrated the sweatshops in which the Nobel laureate's mother toiled as an immigrant to this country. There is good news. The sweatshops have returned to the Big Apple. With good corporate luck, they will spread to the rest of the country.

To return to my starting point, the unresolved, almost unrecognized, American crisis concerns the distribution of an economic pie that refuses to get bigger. Since ours is a conservative society in which the voices of the left are faint, the reaction so far has been to maintain or actually increase the share of property income and commensurately diminish the proceeds of labor. Whoever wins in November will administer a disordered economy in which nasty zero-sum games will be played by all organized interests. Our future may hold the sort of corporate planning currently favored by Felix Rohatyn. Or we may be slipping in the direction of Bertram Gross's friendly fascism. Such speculations are best saved for another essay. □

The Third World: Deeper in Debt

MICHAEL MOFFITT

On Wednesday, February 27, as Chase Manhatta chairman David Rockefeller finished a luncheo address to the Conference Board, a New Yo business research organization, he discover that one of his high-paid lieutenants had made an embarra sing blunder. The aide had distributed to the press a di ferent—and more pessimistic—version of the speech o Third World debts than Rockefeller actually delivered. I the final version of the speech, Rockefeller had expurgated controversial passage predicting a number of Third Worl defaults and the inevitability of loan reschedulings—bot usually considered *bêtes noires* in banking circles. For th second time in recent weeks, a Rockefeller speechwriter ha confused board room worries about the manageability o the Third World's debts with Chase's more sanguine publi view. Afterward, Rockefeller struggled to reverse the im pression that he was worried about the potential impacts o Third World debt problems on the stability of the Weste banking system, but to no avail.

In early March, many of the world's leading financier gathered in the shadow of the City of London, under th auspices of the prestigious financial magazine *Euromoney* to discuss the Third World's financial prospects for 198 and beyond. The picture that emerged from the forma sessions, as well as the cocktail-hour gossip, was tha many Western bankers are scared stiff about the prospects for severe economic and financial instability. Financial writers left the conference convinced that many bankers believe the world is headed for a major financial crackup, with vast economic and political effects that no one can now foresee.

The reasons for the banks' anxiety were clear enough. While industrialized countries slide into new recession, inflation has raged out of control. In January, U.S. producer and consumer price indexes rose at annual rates of 21 percent and 18 percent respectively, much faster than in 1979. Interest rates in the United States, Europe and Japan chased each other upward as countries scrambled to dampen the demand for credit and stave off speculative attacks on their currencies. In 1979, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries compensated itself handsomely for several years of declining real oil prices and the deterioration in the value of its dollar-denominated assets. According to various estimates, OPEC's surpluses for 1980 will range between $80 billion and $120 billion.

All of these developments will thrust a crushing balance-of-payments deficit of $60 billion to $80 billion onto the Third World countries that import oil and other necessities.

Michael Moffitt is a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C.

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ese countries, which have accumulated substantial for-n debts in the past decade, face the prospect of several ore years of heavy foreign borrowing. Without this, most l be unable to cope with the effects of rising oil prices, the lated prices of other imports, the costs of servicing their eign debt and the recession that has hit the world econ-y. At present, the only alternative to heavy new borrow-g would be for these countries to scale down their develop-nt plans drastically and prepare for a sharp decline in nsumption. For political reasons alone, this course will be ected by many countries.

Until recently, most observers had assumed that private ultinational banks would continue to "recycle" funds om the OPEC countries to their oil-poor brethren, as they d done since the 1973-74 oil price hikes. Yet there are un-istakable signs of the banks' increasing reluctance to serve the main financial intermediaries between OPEC and the hird World. As Rimmer deVries, vice president of the lorgan Guaranty Trust Company, remarked, "This time the ivate banking system just can't handle unaided recycling of etrodollars, or financing of developing countries' rocket-g balance-of-payments deficits." "One potential danger the recycling process," warns Federal Reserve Board hairman Paul Volcker, "is the overloading of the commer-al banking system." The situation is not yet desperate, he oncludes, but "our capacity to deal with this problem as time asses could increasingly be stretched close to the limit."

The banks' growing reluctance to perform the bulk of etrodollar recycling stems from a variety of political and conomic considerations. The overriding factor is that the il-importing Third World countries, which are the main ictims of current global economic imbalances, are already wash in foreign debt. Nobody really knows how much noney these countries owe to official and private creditors, ut Irving Friedman, formerly Citibank's Third World crisis nanager and now a consultant at First Boston Corporation, stimates that the total amount of Third World debt ranges etween $400 billion and $450 billion. In nominal terms, Third World debt quadrupled between 1970 and 1978. Brazil lone has a foreign debt of more than $50 billion and will orrow more this year than ever before. Moreover, private multinational banks now account for more than half of the Third World's outstanding debt compared with less than 10 percent a decade ago. In recent years, banks have been outlending official aid agencies by about two to one.

Another factor complicating international banking life these days is growing political instability in Third World countries. From the banks' perspective this makes lending look a lot riskier than it did in 1973-74, when the last lending boom began. Bankers worry increasingly about the so-called "Iran effect," in which decades of repression by dictatorial regimes lead to popular revolts and rapid political change. If a regime like the Shah's can crumble overnight, the banks are wondering, what can happen to governments that look far less stable than Iran's did in 1978?

Yet the banks are impaled on the horns of a dilemma. In this epoch of global banking, banks that want to remain in the top tier of world finance must attract the huge deposits of the oil producers, particularly those of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the Arab Emirates and Libya. Yet the growing uncertainty that plagues the world economy has drastically narrowed the field of creditworthy borrowers capable of absorbing these deposits. The banks want access to the OPEC cash, but these deposits must be loaned or otherwise invested as income-bearing assets. In recent years, some of the banks' fastest-growing customers have been in the oil-importing Third World; the bulk of the loan demand, however, has been in the industrialized countries. That demand has been strong, but once they sink deeper into the current recession their demand for loans will decline. In that event, the banks will have to seek other borrowers for their funds. If they wish to continue accepting and turning over OPEC's huge short-term deposits, it will be difficult to dispense with lending to the Third World, whatever the risks. One banker queried recently about the dubious soundness of some new Third World loans responded that his bank was "awash with money and had to do something about earning some income on it."

The world is flooded with money, so the problem is not one of the availability of funds but the cost of obtaining them. The gross size of the Eurocurrency market, which is the sum of all currencies (mainly dollars) circulating outside the country of origin, is now estimated at more than $1 trillion. Interest rates in the Eurocurrency market, where the Third World does most of its borrowing, are based on the London Interbank Offer Rate, or Libor, the rate at which blue-chip banks lend to one another in the Euromarket. On top of Libor comes a margin known as a spread, the size of which is determined by the overall availability of funds plus how banks rate the creditworthiness of the borrowing country. Creditworthy borrowers typically get by with small spreads while marginal borrowers, if they can borrow at all in the private market, pay high spreads over Libor. In the past couple of years, big Third World borrowers like Brazil and Mexico took advantage of relatively low Libor rates to borrow large sums. They also worked the spreads down to only an eighth or a quarter of a point, in contrast to the 1½ or 2 points over Libor they paid in 1975 and 1976.

Since late 1979, however, the situation has changed dramatically. Credit-tightening policies in the United States, Europe and Japan have ratcheted up interest rates, in turn pushing up the cost of funds in the Euromarket. Since the appointment of Volcker as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, the Fed has raised interest rates in an attempt to reduce credit demand, induce a recession and protect the dollar. (The British Government, under Margaret Thatcher, has pursued similar policies.) Raising short-term interest rates is an age-old game governments play to attract short-term deposits. The huge amount of short-term money loose in the global money markets means that each new rise in U.S. interest rates forces Europe and Japan to respond or face a flight from their currencies. This has strengthened the dollar against the mark and the yen and forced Germany and Japan to follow suit in order to defend their currencies.

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The result has been an international interest-rate war which has thus far failed to dampen inflation while imparting a strong deflationary bias to the world economy.

International interest rates increased significantly and in March Libor reached a record 20 percent. Spreads over Libor are also rising, as banks attempt to sort out their more creditworthy borrowers from the lesser ones. And there is no doubt that spreads are going higher. As William G. Curran, chairman of First Chicago's investment banking group, puts it, "Everybody's spreads came down last time and we want to look at a lot of them again." In fact, as interest rates have fallen in recent weeks, banks have pushed up spreads and other charges to compensate for the decline. For some Third World countries in need of funds, this means paying paralyzing interest rates of more than 20 percent. Not only will spreads continue to rise, David Potter, managing director of the London branch of Credit Suisse First Boston points out, but as banks become reluctant to commit funds for long periods of time, loan maturities will shorten.

The banks' growing doubts that many Third World oil importers can afford interest rates of 20 percent or more has led David Rockefeller to warn that some countries may face a "potentially severe liquidity crunch and potentially a credit squeeze" in the upcoming period. Ironically, despite the doubts Chase and other big banks harbor about some countries' ability to handle their foreign debt payments on time, they have lent some of them so much money that they cannot simply cut them off. That by itself could generate defaults that could conceivably endanger the health of the banks themselves. Yet the more the oil importers borrow from the big multinational banks, the less appealing they look as borrowers.

Brazil and a few other big Third World borrowers may get the external financing they need over the next couple of years simply because of the leverage a large debtor has over its creditors. [See Penny Lernoux, "Brazil Spends Its Way to the Guardhouse," *The Nation*, June 28.] But small borrowers aren't likely to be so lucky. For many middle- and low-income countries, including parts of Latin America and Asia, plus most of Africa and the Caribbean, private-bank borrowing will become increasingly difficult. For these countries, adjusting to new levels of international inflation, oil prices, interest rates and a major economic downturn in the developed countries will mean lower living standards for their populations, stagnant economies and, ultimately, political unrest. The magnitude of the social and political disasters that could result is enormous.

From the banks' point of view, the solution would be for multilateral financial institutions, including the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, to sink more resources into countries experiencing financial problems. This would extend a safety net under the private banks' overexposed position in the Third World and reduce the banks' share of the recycling process. Bankers, joined by the Treasury Department, are openly calling for an expansion of the role of the International Monetary Fund as the "financial backstop" of the international financial syste Concern over the health of the banking system is a reason why the Administration and the banks are activ supporting the major increase in the U.S. contribution the resources of the I.M.F. now pending before Congre Wilfried Guth, head of Germany's huge Deutsche Ba AG, suggested to a recent conference of the Americ Bankers Association in New Orleans that big private ban create a "private international safety net" to shield sha banks from potential default.

Third World countries have appealed to the OPEC cou tries for help, and some individual oil exporters li Venezuela, Mexico and Kuwait have responded with i creased aid. But the oil-importing underdeveloped countri are still unhappy about the sharp contrast between OPEC promises and its actions. There are three criteria for obtai ing OPEC assistance, as one African official put it recentl "First, whether or not you're an Arab. Second, wheth you're Moslem, and third, if they like you."

The looming crisis in the international financial syste may be coming to a head very soon. There is no end in sigl to the international interest-rate war, and many Third Wor countries are running out of foreign currency reserves. I ternational bank lending in January and February, accor ing to the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, is down abou 40 percent from a year ago. At present, the banks and th countries seem to be playing chicken with one another. Th banks are trying to push countries into I.M.F. agreements o drastic policy changes before agreeing to lend, and the coun tries are hoping that the burgeoning recession will driv down interest rates.

The situation is so out of control that, for the time being the Japanese Finance Ministry has virtually forbidde Japanese banks to participate in Eurocurrency marke loans. The big banks had a close call with catastrophe i November, when the Carter Administration announced freeze on all Iranian Government assets in domestic an foreign branches of U.S. banks and Chase Manhattan use funds on deposit from the Iranian central bank to "offset" outstanding loans to Iranian Government agencies befor the loans were even in default. This, combined with th Afghanistan invasion and worsening U.S.-Soviet relations, ignited a panic that sent big Middle Eastern and other investors scrambling out of the major Western currencies into gold and silver. Using non-U.S. intermediaries, big Middle Eastern investors were dumping hard currencies and buying gold. A popular saying in London during those days was, "If a German bank is buying gold, it's for the Arabs." European bankers, fearing that OPEC's confidence in the security of its deposits would evaporate, have called this the closest step to an international financial crisis since the collapse of the large Herstatt Bank of West Germany in 1974.

In the meantime, as the OPEC surpluses pile up and the banks search for borrowers, a profound sense of gloom and helplessness has gripped the international financial system. In what surely must qualify as the understatement of the year, Curran of First Chicago confesses, "It's not going to be so easy this time." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Alienation à la Mode

HRISTOPHER LASCH

IE DREAM OF THE GOLDEN OUNTAINS: Remembering the 1930s. *Malcolm Cowley. The Viking Press. 0 pp. $14.95.*

After all that has been written about the "Red Decade," the radicalization of the American intelligentsia in the 1930s ll raises unanswered questions. Did e political excitements and commitents of the 1930s represent a rejection the styles of expatriation and exile rrent in the 1920s, or did they embody erely another mode of alienation, nich divided intellectuals more sharply an ever from the rest of their countryen? Were intellectuals as isolated as ey thought? Were they becoming part a new establishment, a new culture dustry the history of which was only perficially influenced by the political rrents of the time?

Malcolm Cowley's memoir of the 30s—a long-deferred sequel to his ell-known book on the 1920s, *Exile's eturn*—occasionally sheds light on ese questions, but does not address em in a sustained or deliberate way. he trouble with this new book is that it neither history nor autobiography but rather unsatisfactory mixture of the wo. Instead of sticking to his own nemories, Cowley relies heavily on econdary accounts of the period, from vhich we learn little that is not already amiliar. He confesses, for example, hat he "can add nothing from personal nowledge" to the controversy about whether Communists had any influence on the New Deal; and he could have said the same thing, unfortunately, about most of the other disputed questions regarding the historical interpretation of this period.

Most of what Cowley knows about the 1930s seems to derive either from historical accounts or from newspaper accounts written at the time. One sometimes gets the impression that he spent most of his life reading the newspapers. He recalls evenings with his friends during the winter of 1932—the "contrast between our long public faces, as we read the news, and the sudden hilarity as we rushed back to the Ping-Pong table." If Cowley's experience was representative, American writers in the 1930s remained more deeply immersed in personal life than in public affairs. Their political involvements, on which historians have placed so much emphasis, seem to have been more passive than participatory.

Most intellectuals, moreover, believed —at least until 1935—that the New Deal was defending a lost cause, American capitalism, and that the decisive political battles of their time were being fought elsewhere: in the Soviet Union, in Western Europe, in East Asia. They therefore "turned to other spectacles" and "paid less than the proper attention to events in Washington." Cowley's choice of words is instructive. In spite of all the talk about "what the revolutionary movement can do for a writer" (as Cowley put it in a speech to the Congress of American Writers), most intellectuals in the 1930s did not throw themselves into movements at all, revolutionary or otherwise. They set themselves up instead as interpreters of "spectacles."

In *Exile's Return*, published in 1934, Cowley helped to create the myth of the 1920s as a period when intellectuals turned away from their political responsibilities in favor of an inner emigration. Even so, a number of reviewers criticized him for taking the avant-garde intellectuals of the 1920s too seriously. In the early 1930s, no one had much good to say about the "irresponsibles" of the previous decade, as Archibald MacLeish called them. Cowley himself, in the epilogue to his book, exhorted artists to join the "struggles of the oppressed classes" and to take part in a "historical process vastly bigger than the individual." Yet according to his diary, quoted here, Cowley was already "drawing back . . . into personal concerns." The epilogue to *Exile's Return*, he now writes, represented the "high summit of my revolutionary enthusiasm."

But in that case, why did he continue to write articles and give speeches about the need for revolutionary commitment? Perhaps the real tragedy of the 1930s is that so many intellectuals felt compelled to take public positions more militant than their private opinions. Cowley and his friends felt guilty and defensive about their relative well-being in a period of general privation. On the whole, Cowley says, they "lived very well." Accordingly, they suffered "qualms of social conscience." They became "ideologists," would-be revolutionaries, or fellow travelers, but they played these roles, if Cowley is to be believed, without much enthusiasm and with many private misgivings. The "dream of revolutionary brotherhood" seems to have coexisted with the more conventional dream of a little house in the country.

In *Exile's Return*, Cowley ridiculed the "mass migration" to Connecticut, the Catskills and Bucks County as a characteristic example of the escapism of intellectuals in the 1920s. His new book, however, suggests that country living remained attractive to many intellectuals even at the height of the Red Decade. And why not? What is disturbing is not the taste for grass and vegetables but the defensiveness about their "petty bourgeois" inclinations that caused so many intellectuals to make compensatory gestures of solidarity with the toiling masses and to identify themselves with revolutionary causes in which, according to Cowley, they did not even fully believe. "It seemed to me that the more they earned, in the midst of a general catastrophe, the more likely they were to be studying Marx and talking about the revolution that must come."

Because their enthusiasm for the "Soviet experiment" became embarrassing later on, when the crimes and horrors of the Stalinist regime became too obvious even for the most morally obtuse among American fellow travelers to ignore, intellectuals like Cowley had to defend themselves, in retrospect, by appealing to two contradictory lines of argument. On the one hand, they maintained that they had never been taken in by Stalinism at all; in other words, that they never really meant half the things they said publicly in support of Stalin. On the other hand, they

Christopher Lasch's most recent book is The Culture of Narcissism *(W.W. Norton).*

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depicted the 1930s as a time of general "innocence," when the brutal face of Stalinism had not yet revealed itself and Communism could easily be confused with "economic democracy." Obviously, neither argument proved entirely satisfactory. The first impugned the radical intellectuals' moral integrity; the second called even their intelligence into question.

Worse, both of these strategies of retrospective apology trivialized the experience of the 1930s and made it difficult for those who had lived through the period to come to terms with their experience or to learn anything from it. Instead of attempting to revise the Marxist legacy in light of recent events, they dismissed Marxism as a youthful infatuation unworthy of further consideration. Even those who attempted, at the end of the decade, to address the question of "what is living and what is dead in Marxism" never came up with answers that could be passed along to subsequent generations of American radicals. Instead, they refought old battles and defended old positions.

One of the points that tend to get lost in all this is that the social role of intellectuals was itself undergoing important changes in the 1920s and 1930s. The growing dependence of both industry and government on advertising, propaganda and mass promotion meant that intellectuals played an increasingly important role in the creation of mass culture. The advertising industry, popular journalism, radio broadcasting and Hollywood employed writers and artists in large numbers but subordinated their talents to the demands of mass marketing. In *Exile's Return*, Cowley described the emergence of a new class of *lumpen* intellectuals. "Their function as a class was to be the guardians of intellectual things, and yet they were acting as propagandists for a way of life in which the intellect played a minor part." They became producers—these advertising artists and copywriters, public relations counselors, romancers, industrial psychologists, designers, stylists—of prefabricated dreams. "Most of them were lost in their new environment," Cowley wrote, "and discontented." Indeed, their discontent became the prototype of the mass discontent to which they addressed their culture of escape.

The critique of bohemia, with its pseudo-liberated life styles, its escapism and its joyless hedonism—barely begun in *Exile's Return*—could have become the opening wedge for a broader and deeper criticism of American capitalism, of the mass culture on which it increasingly depends and of the curious alliance between this mass culture and the avant-garde, which soon renders the very idea of an avant-garde meaningless. Unfortunately, the social and political critics of the 1930s proved unequal to this task. Instead of writing about the 1920s for what it revealed about long-term trends in American society, they treated the 1920s as an aberration, an interlude, a passing spree. *Exile's Return* set the style for conventional commentary on the 1920s.

Cowley's new book, by stressing the "dream of revolutionary brotherhood" as the unifying theme of the 1930s, makes it hard to see the continuity between this decade and the 1920s. Yet Cowley inadvertently provides inform tion that undermines this interpretat and suggests the quite different conc sion that most intellectuals continued serve essentially as publicists for a n way of life, vicarious, spectatorial, rooted but at the same time looki back nostalgically to the soil, haun by social injustice while "feasting lobsters," dominated by the "perso specter of isolation and nervous bre down." It is not as a revolutionary tivist that we should remember t *lumpen* intellectual of the 1930s but a prototypical consumer, inside dopes and decipherer of trends—political, c tural and gastronomic. When revol tions went out of fashion, he took his workingman's cap and put on a gr flannel suit. A change of allegianc Not really, his only real allegiance w to his craft: the study and manufactu of public opinion.

What Happened to Everybody?

NORA MAGID

JOSHUA THEN AND NOW. *By Mordecai Richler. Alfred A. Knopf. 435 pp. $11.95.*

Why on earth should *Joshua Then and Now* make me think of *Elsie Dinsmore?* The time an abandoned copy of *Elsie Dinsmore* sold for a nickel at my Montreal school, no one bought it. This was because a kid who was a missionary in embryo was forever prescribing it for our sins. As an adult, I read it and Elsie exceeded my expectations. She pretended to be running for the sainthood but underneath she sort of had the hots for her stern Victorian papa. I counted the number of times Elsie cried. Elsie cried on every single page, something like 397 times in 397 pages.

Well, Joshua doesn't cry on every page, but he drinks on virtually every page and his wife, Pauline, sort of has had the hots for her no-good brother, Kevin, the golden boy whose dreams she has financed. The resemblance to Elsie Dinsmore stops right there. Joshua's story is intermittently wonde ful but it is told in such a way that it occasionally short-circuited. Betwe the beginning, where he is recuperati from an accident—"You're lucky to l alive," says the doctor. "I'll be t judge of that," thinks Joshua—to t reasonably hopeful ending, he conten plates his entire life, but not sequentia ly. The nervous bits and pieces collide t constitute too intricate and deliberate puzzle. The freewheeling energy that Mordecai Richler's style and the ove plotting—particularly in the Ibiza se tions—are at odds with each other.

Familiar touches abound—the Jews Canada, the creepiness of our reality "Next year maybe Sonny and Che would come to us direct from Ausch witz, singing 'The Way We Were before the open doors of a reconstruct ed crematorium." The lesser characters are, as always, a marvel. Joshua's mother is a crazy lady, a former stripper (at his bar mitzvah yet), currently, for complex reasons of plot, on the executive board of Parents of Gays in Canada, which group is "no branch-plant organization, but entirely independent of the similarly named American society. 'We, for instance, are also bilingual. Ha, ha, ha.' " A cop who has written a novel with ten major characters in it—one for each province but

Nora Magid is a Montrealer and former literary editor of The Reporter. *She teaches in the writing program at the University of Pennsylvania.*

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ne for the Yukon or the Territo-s—is reflexively Neanderthal: "No-dy speaks for guys like me any more. e just hacked this country out of the lderness, that's all. But these days, u want to inherit the earth you better a gay-libber or a jigaboo or a Jew. ou're a faggot today, and you want it itten in the bill of rights that you got e right to teach gym in elementary hool and soap the boys down in the ower room. A Jew elbows ahead of u in a line-up outside a movie and u shove him back a little, just to keep m honest, and right off he's hollering out the six million." A childhood iend of Joshua's, a milkman's son, a holarship boy and now a full pro-ssor at Harvard, explains academic hievement: "I don't write for the asses. I compose a three-thousand-ord argument for publication in a urnal with a circulation of, say, fif-en hundred. The editorial committee oods for six months before they ac-pt my piece, and then we write to and o for another six months, quarreling ver commas. A year later my reflec-ons on the eschatology of the heretical harmas is published. I Xerox two thou-and copies for other professors, the ord Foundation gives me a grant, and 'm able to take Sylvia to conferences in okyo, Stockholm, and Grenoble. Vhere we meet with other bores. And ou want to know what? I'm beginning o suspect the delivery of milk is a more ocially beneficial activity."

The lot of the intellectual is absurd. Richler would be amused to learn that n the Philadelphia Free Library his own hildren's book is under lock and key, lassified—why, no one can explain—as historic." Joshua too is a writer and a successful one. When he remembers his own childhood, he remembers the West-mount he envisioned from Montreal's immigrant east side. A promised land, where mothers didn't bargain, "or fathers cheat at pinochle. The daughters were blonde and leggy, they were taught horseback-riding early, if only to break their cherries with impunity, and the sons didn't collect butcher bills on Sun-day mornings to earn enough to buy their own two-wheel bikes, but instead were given sports cars. British. The best."

The Westmount to which he has moved after Europe and what used to be called intermarriage is something else. The people are jittery, the preten-sions silly or pathetic, the facades a joke. There's money but there's no safe-ty. "God damn it," says a friend in another context, "what happened to everybody?" To which Joshua replies without conviction, "Come on now, it's not that bad." It is. On "the wrong side of forty," they suffer anxiety, heart at-tacks, cancer, divorces, accidents. Thieves break in and steal (not in the usual way), love falters or dies, Kevin cannot survive his youth, Pauline doesn't want to grow older.

The dishy English Westmount girls, the gentiles, even as they sing out and glow, are dull and limited. Pauline's best friend (and enemy), Jane Trimble, usually called by both names, refers to herself as "a woman as intelligent and beautiful as I am." The Jewish girls, far more gutsy, graduate from St. Urbain Street to become their own mothers but with a difference. They are all into something. The camp counselor has become a death counselor at the Jewish General. Another wife, interviewed in the social pages of the *Gazette*, makes sculptures out of fishbones: "My children, bless their hearts, couldn't be more understanding. If my atelier door is closed, they walk about on tiptoe."

Pauline alone has class. The blood of seigneurs courses through her exquisite veins, but like her mother she is "not much disposed to happiness." Her delicacy leads her to the famous Dr. Jonathan Cole, author of *My Kind, Your Kind, Mankind,* who turns out to be none other than Yossel Kugelman. Montreal is ingrown, everyone knows everything about everybody else, and the scene in which Joshua spells out to the psychiatrist why he is a twit and reduces him to a St. Urbain kid again is hideously funny.

Joshua, unable to understand anything anymore, goes looking for the boy he once was. "Canadian-born, he sometimes felt as if he were condemned to lope slant-shouldered through this world that confused him. One shoulder sloping downwards, groaning under the weight of his Jewish heritage (burnings on the market square, crazed Cossacks on the rampage, gas chambers, as well as Moses, Rabbi Akiba and Maimonides); the other thrust heavenwards, yearning for an inheritance, any inheritance, weightier than the construction of a transcontinental railway, a reputation for honest trading, good skiing conditions."

He and Pauline have joined forces to the tune of some unlikely dialogue on her part. Here Richler's remarkable ear falls flat. At one point, over drinks—of course—she describes Kevin's first disgrace: "I won't bore you with all the details, or how much the scandal was savored in the best clubs—the senator's son, a common cheat—but a shattered Kevin soon found himself something of a pariah as well." Joshua and Pauline have three children who are ciphers, but they also have interesting fathers who help them work things out. The resolution involves the removal of a good many stones from a good many shoes and the message is that growing up in our society is hard, even, or perhaps especially, in Westmount.

I am left wondering why Joshua didn't simply move to NDG. In fact, I always wonder when Americans read Richler, or Mavis Gallant, for that matter, what they make of such esoteric unexplained references as the 29 street-car or NDG. NDG stands for Notre Dame de Grace; it's the Montreal ward that lies west of Westmount, which is a

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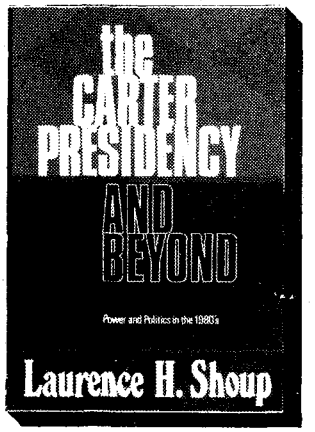

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privileged enclave surrounded by the city proper and in effect its own ghetto. If NDG lacks Westmount's money, it also lacks Westmount's airs, and it's upscale as well as uptown from the east side. Westmount or NDG, life being funny, the dopey Dr. Cole's son has already reverted to the name of Kugelman, and when kids like him and like Joshua's, kids whose parents or grandparents worked so hard to move out of the immigrant quarter, go off on their own, they sometimes elect to live on St. Urbain. □

Fewer Cars and Cuisinarts

RICHARD PARKER

THE LEAN YEARS: Politics in the Age of Scarcity. *By Richard J. Barnet. Simon & Schuster. 349 pp. $12.95.*

When John Locke, three centuries ago, used property (or, most accurately, expropriation of nature) as a starting point for his treatises on human rights, he inaugurated Western liberalism. And there pretty much, first principles established, things have rested.

Now, in 1980, comes Richard Barnet, with *The Lean Years*. Barnet's is a very twentieth-century treatise, an essay on natural resources and their connection with human rights. Studded with facts, global in dimension, it is nonetheless square in the Lockean tradition of believing that a meditation on nature and how man uses it can reveal for all of us the natural relations that ought to obtain among men.

It is, in short, a most unusual book.

American liberalism of late has come to be seen (and to see itself) not merely as powerless but pointless. In the wake of World War II it had a vision that led it to do battle with all manner of socialisms and conservative doctrines at once; now it lies beached and dazed, bypassed by event and issue. Carter's victory, Kennedy's shame and the anointment of a Congressman as "liberal" who never scored even 50 percent on the Americans for Democratic Action's ratings bespeak the confusion and modest ambitions of liberalism in the early 1980s.

One branch of what remains as liberalism has turned archeological, digging for answers to "where we went wrong"—Vietnam perhaps, or was it the darker side of Camelot, or the liberal partnership of Acheson, et al. in cold-war demagogy? Barnet represents a different strand, looking for some formulation to update, refocus and reestablish a consensus, but in the process he has broken new ground. If Moynihan helped christen neoconservatism with *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding* twelve years ago, Barnet may well be inaugurating neoliberalism here.

Like Moynihan, Barnet initially makes no such claim; instead, the purpose of *The Lean Years* is to investigate two contemporary questions: "Are we running out of resources?" and "Who controls the resources we do have, and to what ends?" Barnet readily admits to being an amateur in the esoterics of the field, but he proceeds to survey oil, coal, minerals, food, water, military weaponry and labor, all on a global scale.

It is a measure of the man's citizen-scholarship that we can discover here South Africa's critical resource hold over the West, educate ourselves in the riparian politics of Texas, meddle in the complexities of transfer pricing between branches of multinationals and fathom why Africa produces strawberries for export but cannot feed its own people and still not come away dazed.

Barnet successfully joins all of this for us, both through his mastery of sources and through a style that aids immeasurably in their disgestion. *The Lean Years* is studded with facts, sometimes almost overwhelmingly so: in a single page, one may expect to find (as one does on page 118) reviews of a 1952 study of U.S. timber needs, analysis of American capital requirements over the next decade, information that an average-size steel plant now costs upward of $2.5 billion to construct and an explanation of why mining of low-grade ores of copper now requires vastly greater consumption of energy.

To this Barnet amends both esoterica and anecdote. Are we aware that Volkswagen is the largest private shareholder in Brazil's biggest airplane manufacturer? Do we know that Capt. J Cook was proposing to solve world's freshwater needs three cent ago by towing icebergs from An tica? Or that Americans get tl fourths of their proteins from m (Sources range as widely as data—from *Penthouse* magazine Fernand Braudel.)

Through this swamp of fact Ba leads us, machete in hand. Dresse DeSoto, he is in fact searching Lockean springs. In his final cha "The Politics of Survival," he f them. They reside in the notior "stewardship"—a recognition of ir dependence and the need to ma technology and consumption thro democratic planning. The resources there for global security and a mo abundance—not the Affluent Soc circa 1955, writ large, but still a com table and, most important, decent humane society. Fewer cars and Cui arts, more community and hur knowledge.

Yet one is left flat. Unarguably pl ant ideals, Barnet's suggestions as how to reach them leave us desirc but not resolved. At the end of e chapter, *The Lean Years* offers p ciples we might endorse as prologom to change. After his chapter on f (including the observation that thirty million died last year of malnutritic Barnet suggests the following:

> (*1*) Any serious effort to feed the hungry people ought to begin by recognizing that starvation and malnutrition are symptoms of social pathology.
>
> (*2*) The United States should take the lead in promoting food security as a human right.
>
> (*3*) The hungry will eat to the extent they are able to feed themselves.
>
> (*4*) To increase agricultural self-reliance in poor countries the terms of trade for the producers must be improved.
>
> (*5*) International pressure on poor countries should change direction.

Timid and overgeneralized, these a the ideas of a man who has lived Washington too long (Barnet has be director of the Washington-based Ins tute for Policy Studies for fifteen year before that, he was a middle-level men ber of the Kennedy Administration They reflect the capital's disarray a much as liberalism's, and they rely on change of awareness in an America upper-middle class which is not forth coming. Perhaps most significant, the

Richard Parker is an economist and writer, and a former editor of Ramparts *and* Mother Jones.

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ignore the sweep of chaos already around us, from the defection of Europe and the cynical distrust of the Third World to the secession from reality that first inflation and now recession have produced in the majority of the American populace.

Barnet well knows, as we do reading him, that he is talking—from America's end at least—about multinational capital. After many prosperous years in which liberal economics has been solely concerned with the Keynesian question of income distribution instead of the prior problem of capital allocation, Barnet's contribution is to place the issue of planning squarely on the table. The essence of his neoliberalism is the assertion of democratic rights in the economic, as well as the political, realm and it is this that establishes his originality.

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Two Poets: Run-on Lines

KATHA POLLITT

MORTAL ACTS, MORTAL WORDS. *By Galway Kinnell. Houghton Mifflin and Company. 71 pp. $4.95.*

THE EVERLASTINGS. *By Norman Dubie. Doubleday and Company. 78 pp. $4.95.*

What is a poet to do as he gets older? Of course, there's always been a popular line of thought that sees poetry as basically a youthful passion, which evaporates, like other youthful passions, under the full glare of adulthood. According to this view, what a poet of a certain age really ought to do is to find another line of work—running guns, for example, like Rimbaud.

This is surely too sentimental a view, as well as a factually inaccurate one—there's the staying power of Hardy and Yeats and Sophocles to consider, and a long list of late bloomers: Frost, Williams, Stevens. But the problem it acknowledges is real. You wouldn't know it to read the reviews, where a frankly unfavorable verdict on an established poet is a rare occurrence indeed, but even our best poets can have trouble keeping themselves up to the mark, book after book. Lowell's *Day by Day*, Berryman's *Love and Fame*, James Wright's *To a Blossoming Pear Tree*—these final works have their moments, but by comparison with *Life Studies*, *77 Dream Songs* and *Shall We Gather at the River*, they are lax, tired, full of stylistic tics and mannerisms.

The problem is that the original impulse to poetry can only carry a poet so far, no matter how compelling it is. Eventually he needs replenishment, enlargement of vision and perspective, and he needs them not once but again and again. Finding them can be difficult. If he's of an intellectual bent, he may be able to draw on scholarship to deepen his imagination: T.S. Eliot insisted that after 25 a poet *had* to be a scholar to keep writing. Or, if he knows how to seize the historical moment, he can plunge into political and cultural ferment, as Allen Ginsberg and Adrienne Rich have done, and pray that his talent doesn't drown there. But if he is situated as most poets are in America today—spiritually and often physically isolated from the major energies of society and a para-academic rather than a genuine scholar—he may not find these choices available to him. In which case, he may simply keep going, hoping that his vision has not so much ossified as crystallized, and that his language has not so much lost in intensity and precision as it has gained in naturalness. Perhaps he is one of the lucky few—a Yeats, an Elizabeth Bishop—for whom anything they tu their hand to is a poem, the way ar thing Picasso made was art, becau they have attained the colloquial, effortless freedom that marks the lat work of a master.

That freedom, I take it, is what Ga way Kinnell is aiming at in *Mortal Ac Mortal Words*, his sixth collection poems and the first to appear sin 1971, when *The Book of Nightmar* came out, to great acclaim. *The Boo of Nightmares* is an extraordinary wo —ten long poems in a Whitmanesqu language at once flexible and charge slangy and highly literary—that explor the interconnectedness of death an cruelty and violence with life an human love. It's a book of great scop and verve, saturated with rage and te ror and tenderness, and it must hav seemed to Kinnell a tremendously har act to follow, let alone outdo.

Nor has he tried to outdo it, exactly Rather, in these new poems he trusts t a more relaxed, conversational voic and a new concern for daily domesti life and his own immediate circum stances. The poet who in his most fa mous poem, "The Bear," mystically became the animal he'd killed i mellowed, almost genial now; he write of fishing, tennis, his small son's habi of getting into bed with his parents afte they make love, middle-aged marriage the death of friends.

Is this a roundabout step forward, or a straightforward step back? Sometimes Kinnell does seem to be onto a directness new for him, as when he writes, as never to my knowledge before, of the deaths of his mother and brother and of his pinched childhood in Pawtucket:

> Then, when the full moonlight
> would touch our sleeping bodies,
> we liked to think it filled
> us with what we imagined was
> *fullness*—actual bright matter
> drifted down from the moon's
> regions, so that when we woke
> we would be shining.
> —"52 Oswald Street"

There are fine poems drawn from the natural world, as precise as any he has written, but with a new ease and playfulness, like "Lava" and "The Gray Heron" and the marvelous "Blackberry Eating":

> the ripest berries
> fall almost unbidden to my tongue,
> as words sometimes do, certain
> peculiar words
> like *strengths or squinched*,

Katha Pollitt is a poet and critic who lives in New York City.

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many-lettered, one-syllabled lumps,
which I squeeze, squinch open, and
splurge well
in the silent, startled, icy, black
language
of blackberry-eating in late Septem-
ber.

such moments, one does feel that nnell, after thirty-odd years of iting, has indeed reached the point ıere anything he does with language unds utterly spontaneous and exactly ght.

More numerous, though, are moents in which spontaneity bogs down garrulity. Too many poems are one two long sentences, endlessly claused, at aim for a Whitmanesque robustss but succumb to digressions and rbosity. "Angling, a Day," for exame, a minute account of a day of luckss fishing with his little boy, is two and half pages long and as dull as anybody se's fish story; it name drops ("the end/behind Eastern Magnesia Talc ompany's/Mill No. 4, which Hayden arruth/says his friend John Engels tys/is the best fishing around"), akes a bad pun on "reeling" and nds with a cute-kid remark that ought) have stayed in the family. The good nes—"our bodies curvetting in that urious motion/by which men giving ish motions to lures/look themselves ke fish"—are lost amid blather. The nore successful "Fergus Falling," bout his son's fall out of a tree and nto knowledge, takes time out to ulminate against government "programs to enrich the rich" and "the)land spruce of our time."

Preachiness, always a danger for Kinnell, has been given its head. "Everyone who truly sings is beautiful./Even sad music/requires an absolute happiness"; "The middleaged men my age,/as they washed their hands after touching/their penises—when it might have been more in accord/with the lost order to wash first, then touch"; "that love is hard, that while many good things are easy, true love is not,/because love is first of all a power,/its own power"—poems that crackle with vitality and bristle with particulars can lend a shine, maybe, to familiar insights like these. But the subjects, settings, circumstances and human beings involved in many of these poems are merely adumbrated; they are different vehicles for the same batch of overblown profundities. After a while I rebelled: *Is* the need for the new love faithfulness to the old, as Kinnell says, or is this just an egotist's bromide? *Does* happiness hide in the last tear? On the evidence presented here, I'm not convinced.

It's a little odd, perhaps, to couple Norman Dubie with Galway Kinnell in a discussion of poetic longevity, but Dubie is a young poet in years only. The author of ten books in nine years, he is facing, while still in his mid-30s, the same artistic dilemma as Kinnell. His solution, however, is radically different. Kinnell, having taken one poetic voice as far as it would go in *The Book of Nightmares*, is trying to develop another; Dubie, having reached a similar point with *his* recent book, *The Illustrations*, seems to have taken a good look at the abyss above which his poetry was now perched and rushed to fling himself over.

I should probably confess right here that Dubie's poetic strategies, while widely admired and much imitated, have always struck me as, well, dubious. His poems are highly erudite, or perhaps recondite is a better word, often set in an exotic past and peopled by historical figures: Ibsen, Bruegel, Melville, Jacob Boehme. At once mannered and hallucinatory, histrionic and elliptic, they are surrealist costume dramas in which *something* of great urgency seems to be communicated—but with each new book it becomes harder to say what.

At the risk of sounding obtuse, I own that I found most of *The Everlastings* incomprehensible. Whole poems eluded me entirely; others, usually the more narrative ones, were easier to enter, but just as obscure in their ultimate purposes. I could appreciate, for example, the bizarre melodrama of "There Is a Dream Dreaming Us," in which a Hebrew slave girl, walled up in a pyramid, tells how she has just avenged her people by desecrating the corpse of the Pharaoh, after escaping human sacrifice and necrophilia. But I don't understand why I am being told this story: what, beyond Gothic, it means.

Dubie's lush images, laden with Latinate adjectives and peppered with the exclamation marks that have become his trademark, fold into one another in a way that is often pleasing to the inner eye but that lacks necessity:

It is like bathwater in which a
prince has been slain, the sunrise
Weights everything as if each ray of
light
Had draped on it
The drying skins of lizards. The pink
light is intensified, bent
In the tips of waves. I have a piece
of charcoal for a plaything.
—"Telemachos Who Believes
Ulysses Is the Night"

The ocean like a bloody bath is beautiful—it's visually keen, and brings in a nicely judged echo of the Agamemnon story. But that the sunrise makes things appear weighted down by drying lizard skins seems an arbitrarily chosen image—it's particular without being relevant or accurate. The note of anxiety or psychic nausea it is perhaps meant to bring in is immediately can-

THE GIFT

It arrives
more silently
than snow.
Shapeless,
it takes few features from the shape it covers.
IMMENSE, it can erase
enduring pain,
that will not come again too soon after
(invisibly) it has flown.
Whoever has, if briefly, known it, was allowed to keep,
if briefly, immeasurable treasure;
seemed to climb, effortlessly, not far from the
steep brink of heaven; started to plumb those deeps where
he may find gifts that in secret nourish
body and mind.
It is simply
sleep

Babette Deutsch

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celed by the painterly description of light that follows, which is in turn dropped for something else. And so on.

Too much of *The Everlastings* suffers from this lack of imaginative coherence. Dubie is obviously a determined and gifted poet, with energy to burn. I hope he will take a leaf from Kinnell, and reconsider his direction. □

Reach Out and Touch Someone

NEAL GABLER

THIRTY SECONDS. *By Michael Arlen. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 211 pp. $9.95.*

"This is nothing if not a story of practicality," Michael Arlen writes near the outset of his slender account of the making of a thirty-second A.T.&T. television commercial. What he means, as if we need to be told, is that the function of advertising is wholly utilitarian. The issue is not whether an assertion is a good or true one but whether it works—in this case whether it works to get us poor, narcotized consumers to shell out for items or services we really don't need. "Reach out and touch someone," the ad's jingle for long-distance calls chirps as if promising salvation, when all it really promises is that you'll have a higher phone bill.

The general tone adopted by critics of advertising has usually been one of amused superiority, but Arlen is not given to this sort of broad satire. He writes in the poker-faced, fly-on-the-wall prose of *The New Yorker* (where this material originally appeared), continually letting out rope so the ad people will continue to hang themselves. Sincerity is their magic incantation. By their own reckoning, they are all very sincere folks, each with a humanistic justification for what they do. "You have to reach back into the recesses of your mind and find music that's really sincere," says the composer of the ad's jingle. "My aim is always to produce a sound that is psychologically satisfying," claims the commercial's musical arranger. "My standards are basically political," says one of the commercial's actresses, explaining why she won't do ads for insecticides or douches. For a few of them, I imagine, these statements reflect an inability to recognize the irony of their situation: sincerity in the service of deception. For others it is contempt garbed in newspeak.

The most egregious self-ironist in the bunch is the commercial's flamboyant, middle-aged, mustachioed producer/director, Steven Horn. Horn was chosen by A.T.&T. and the N.W. Ayer ad agency because "he's so good with the emotional things" (says one executive) and "isn't afraid to deal in human emotions" (says an admiring actress). But on Arlen's evidence, Horn is a smug technician who expends most of his energy trying to rinse the commercial of any real humanity. Everything is confected: synthetic sweat, synthetic rain, synthetic people, synthetic feelings. Everything is sanitized lest anyone (and it is no secret whose morality governs) be offended. Even spontaneity, Horn's forte, is contrived; after hours of coaxing a recalcitrant infant to do a proper headstand and more hours of getting an independently minded cat to stroll across the scene, Horn complains, in what may be the book's funniest and most cynical line, "You know, sometimes those little human touches just about break your back."

But the greatest irony is that all this time, energy and money ($900,000 for these thirty seconds) signify and serve a complete inversion of values. *We* serve the phone. It is imbued with special tonic powers, and it is a measure of our normality, as one Ayer executive puts it, that we not be "detached communicators" but that we care (his word) enough about our friends and relatives to call them. If there is any guilt about this inversion, no one confesses it. If there is any awareness, no one acknowledges it.

Of course, none of this comes as any news, and what *Thirty Seconds* primarily does is reinforce everything we already suspect about advertising and ad agencies. Arlen is inside but he is not particularly insightful because he himself is too practical, too engrossed in the nuts-and-bolts of making the commercial to be concerned with its initial c ception. He has come upon the proc after the interesting decisions have b made. Who decided to sell long-distar calls in the first place, and why? need a report from the A.T.&T. a N.W. Ayer board rooms—those co mand posts from which the intrig venality and contempt no do originate; all else is entertainment, go entertainment in Arlen's case, but more than that.

Neal Gabler is writing a history of Jews in Hollywood, to be published by Harper & Row.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Urban Cowboy
Bronco Billy
Wholly Moses

For some time, the Western h been undergoing a curio change; it is being peopled b cowhands who never saw cow, whose boots never felt stirrups. this respect the screen apes life, f rustler boutiques now flourish in o major cities and their streets a animated by gents, and some ladies, broad-brimmed hats and fringed shirt with the dream of unfenced infinity their eyes. The movies taught us to pr tend that our speech was slow and o guns were fast, and now the movie have caught us in the act.

Thus from Paramount comes *Urba Cowboy*, directed by James Bridges, t provide yet another vehicle for Joh Travolta. I'm sorry it was conceive that way, for its premises are in teresting; nor do I think Travolta need to be handled like a valuable bu relatively inanimate property, capabl of providing profiles and full-face mug shots in sufficient variety to fill every rogues' gallery in the country.

The film is set in Pasadena, Texas, a petrochemical center not far from Houston. It has attracted many young men from the outlying towns and farms, who by day tend the intricate plumbing of the immense refineries. At dusk, these footloose semi-migrants make themselves resplendent in leather and silver and skin-tailored jeans, and repair to Gilley's, a saloon that boasts it is the world's biggest honky-tonk. (Gilley's is a real place; it inspired the *Esquire* story by Aaron Latham on which the movie is based.) There the pseudo-cowboys drink beer, chat up the

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s, dance to fiddle music and brawl. st important, they vie with one ther to see who can last longest on a chanical bucking bull.

Bridges is quoted as saying of the film t it "is a real look at the life style of a chanized West and the need for fan- y by those in contemporary society o work daily in dangerous jobs. In saloon they go to at night after rk, these men create another reality themselves, almost a small town ere they live the cowboy myth." In- ar as the big scenes in Gilley's can do the picture does suggest how these n go about filling the holes in their es. I don't think, though, that it is the nger of their jobs that bothers them, t the monotony, anonymity and lack future of such work. You have to be ght to survive around a petrochemi- l complex, but if you are bright the gh wages don't make up for the dead- d boredom. Hence Gilley's; hence, in her contexts, motorcycle gangs.

It is a good subject for a serious and citing film. But having set the scene d posed the problem, *Urban Cowboy* lls back on a "human" story that ould hardly have served in a nickelo- on. An innocent farm boy (Travolta) mes to town, quickly learns its wicked ays, falls in love with a tough but loyal rl, marries her, mistreats her, loses her a cold-eyed stranger, takes up with a umming rich girl, takes also to drink, moved by the death of an uncle to ull himself together, beats the villain in bucking contest and exposes him as a nief and seizes his true darling in his rms as the sun rises on a new day. No ne can act such stuff and Travolta alks through it as though drugged, bediently lending his looks to the amera. But now and again he seems to hake himself and have a go at creating character. If he can do that much with nothing to work on, he may have some alent. He ought to insist on being llowed to show it, for he can't go on much longer as a pinup.

In the same masquerade, but with buffoonery, Clint Eastwood presents himself in *Bronco Billy* as a shoe salesman from New Jersey who, having taught himself to twirl a pair of Colts, is now traveling the farm-belt West as the star of a six-man, one-woman, one-horse tent show. Billy is half a carny spieler, half a self-appointed preacher who urges his young admirers to obey their parents, study their lessons and love God. But the story of his vicissitudes and ultimate triumph as lover and itinerant entrepreneur is only an excuse for another of Eastwood's demonstrations that if a movie is bad enough it is certain to be funny. He has persuaded a good many people that this is so, but I remain unconvinced.

There is a scene in which the troupe, more down on its luck than usual, resolves to rob a train. The desperadoes deploy themselves along the track and watch helplessly as their prey goes whistling past at some eighty miles an hour. They have forgotten that it has been decades since a horse could outrun a locomotive, and the disparity between the gang's intention to be wicked and its ability to commit the crime is funny in a Buster Keaton way. In another passage, Billy finds he has too much at stake to let himself resent with his guns the insults of a bullying sheriff. These two episodes, far above the picture's general level, suggest that sardonic amusement can still be squeezed out of the Wild West formula. For the most part, though, Eastwood clowns his way through the old routines. It is not parody because it does not caricature ineptitude but merely exaggerates it. And, cruelly enough, the spectacle of a man making a fool of himself is funny only when he doesn't know he is doing so.

Last fall, when the Monty Python group sent over from London *Life of Brian*, a farce based on the premise that an unenterprising Judaean youth had been identified by the Jewish populace as the long-awaited Messiah, I expressed disappointment that Dudley Moore was given no part in the film, my assumption being that he might have supplied the wit which the yarn almost completely lacked. Now, by what I must call a coincidence, since I can't prove it is more than that, Moore is appearing as the central figure in another biblical case of mistaken identity, and it turns out that even he cannot extract much hilarity from the theme. In *Wholly Moses* he is set adrift among the bullrushes at the very moment when the infant prophet is similarly preserved from Pharaoh's wrath, and their lives are thereafter curiously entwined. How that is achieved would be laborious to explain.

Indeed the whole venture is laborious, with laughs spread out at about half-hour intervals, a tempo too slow to produce much rolling in the aisles. As in *Life of Brian*, the film has it that the unwitting impostor is fleet of foot but deficient in foresight; also that he displays habits of mind and turns of speech that will not become current for some 2,000 years. Moore works these two gimmicks for all they're worth, which is not much since they almost instantly become predictable and repetitious. Further, there is something offpace in Gary Weis's direction, inasmuch as the few potentially funny episodes somehow get smothered in a general hubbub. Moore is supported by James Coco, who projects a blurred memory of Zero Mostel, and by Laraine Newman, who seems to view her role with suspicion and is turned into a pillar of salt. It was in the Holy Land that Hollywood became colossal, but the Bible, I conclude, is an unprofitable source book for irreverent madcaps. □

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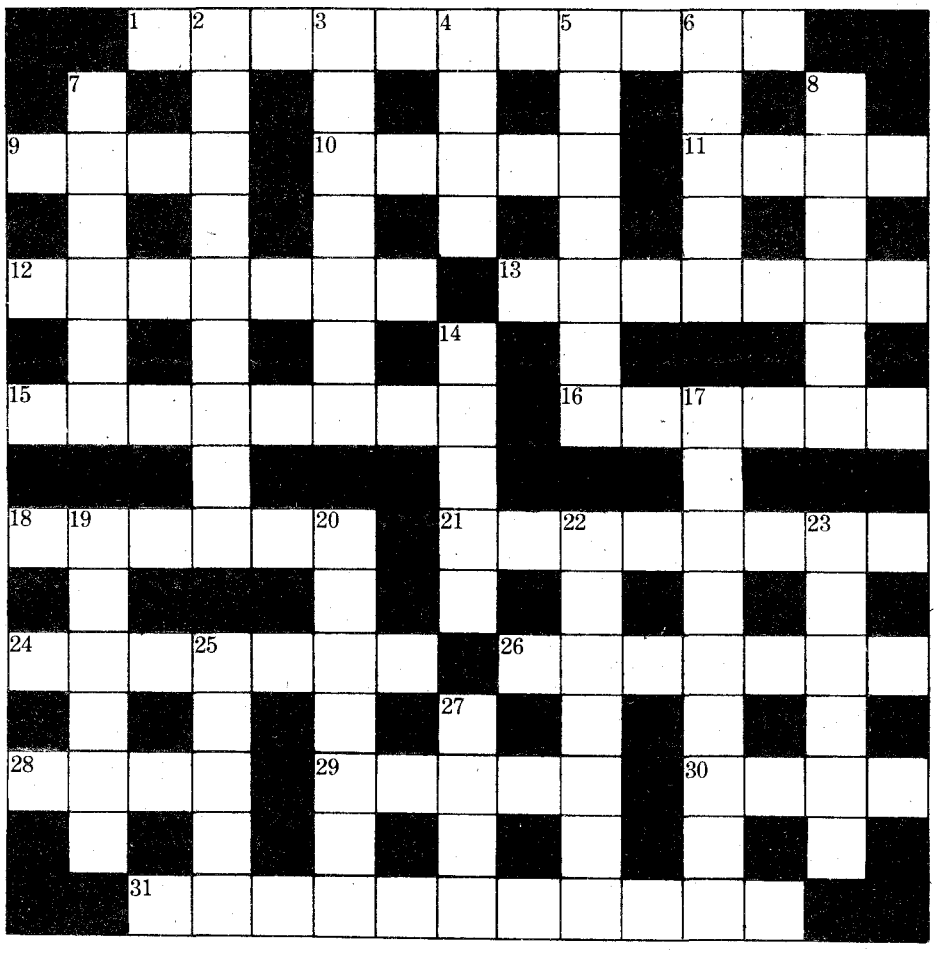

ACROSS

1 Special soldiers, but even strong ıanguage probably won't do it. (5,6)
9, 11 and 10 A drama which is very difficult to grasp? (Coquettes might.) (4,4,2,3)
12 Tom on a high mountain with one tree. (7)
13 Swill? Don't you believe it! (7)
15 Skin gone? It belonged to Hernando. (8)
16 With the wrong cue, sex is just a reason for getting out of it. (6)
18 Humbles, like around first, second or third. (6)
21 Miami is in such a state, as they call it! (8)
24 The wrong list for the man having business with the plant. (7)
26 Looking hard at an article in line. (7)
28, 29 and 30 Does this mean it isn't valid before 12 o'clock? (4,9)
31 Snore, obviously, when so. (5,6)

DOWN

2 They are advised to be busy during 21, though you might find them stunning. (9)
3 Pussyfoot? One is likely to be used. (4-3)
4 Get-up in the past to a get-up for Caesar. (4)
5 Bested—or worsted—and in the nude, too! (7)
6 A mild expression of disgust for the soft-headed playwright. (5)
7 Clay around most of the lake rising suggests a neutralizer. (6)
8 Has confidence in what they once talked about busting. (6)
14 In Germany, a salt lake. (5)
17 The logical connection of a hundred once found around here. (9)
19 An old weapon about 45 inches long, with a deep sound. (6)
20 There may be a blemish about our country, but bear up! (7)
22 Does it negate the accidental effect? That's to be expected. (7)
23 A short one with stripes. (6)
25 A Dior fashion many feel they should listen to. (5)
27 It's sometimes dangerous to put your mon up, if raised. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1827

ACROSS: 1 Good talking-to; 10 Endowed; 11 On-stage; 12 Handiwork; 13 Onset; 14 Epacts; 16 Insecure; 19 Suddenly; 20 Kneels; 22 Aloha; 23 Not guilty; 25 One flat; 26 Agnates; 27 Lady in the Dark. DOWN: 2 Ogden; 3 Down in the Valley; 4 Adds on; 5 Knocking; 6 No stone unturned; 7 Transmute; 8 Beshrews; 9 and 22 Pentagon; 15 Andromeda; 17 Essayist; 18 Plankton; 21 Attach; 24 Later.

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